The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 41 NO. 6

Lesson Previews

JUNE 1954

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 41 JUNE 1954 NO. 5

SPECIAL FEATURES

In Gratitude for Father ..... Alice L. Wilkinson 348
Elder George Q. Morris Fills Vacancy in Quorum of the Twelve ..... Alma Sonne 352
Elder Sterling W. Sill Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve ..... David L. McKay 354
Contest Announcements — 1954 357
Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest 357
Relief Society Short Story Contest 358
Equation for Better Poetry — Inspiration, Plus ..... Maryhale Woolsey 360
Writing Is Work ..... Claire W. Noall 364
First Ladies of Our Land — Wives of the Presidents — Part IV ..... Elsie C. Carroll 374
When Viewed From a Distance ..... Nora Yaros 412

FICTION

The Falling Shackles — Chapter 1 ..... Margery S. Stewart 369
Something Blue ..... Sylvia Probst Young 386

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 380
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 381
Editorial: The 124th Annual Church Conference ..... Marianne C. Sharp 382
Notes to the Field: Summer Work Meetings 384
Music for Special Program, Sunday, November 7, 1954 384
Brigham Young University Leadership Week 384
Tribute to the Singing Mothers ..... David O. McKay 385
Errata: "Magazine Honor Roll" 393
Safe Method of Freezing Corn 393
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Margaret C. Pickering 395
From Near and Far 415

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Hulda Peterson, Homemaker and Musician 391
A Different Kind of Bridal Shower ..... Helen S. Williams 392
Housecleaning Nostalgia ..... Vernessa M. Nagle 394
The Scratching Post ..... Elizabeth Williamson 414

LESSON DEPARTMENT — TEACHING AIDS AND PREVIEWS FOR 1954-55

Teaching Aids for the 1954-55 Lessons ..... Edith S. Elliott 400
Theology — Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon ..... Leland H. Monson 403
Visiting Teacher Messages — Book of Mormon Gems of Truth ..... Leone O. Jacobs 405
Work Meeting — Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment ..... Rhea H. Gardner 406
Literature — The Literature of England ..... Briant S. Jacobs 408
Social Science — The Constitution of the United States ..... Albert R. Bowen 410

POETRY

First Love — Frontispiece ..... Lael W. Hill 347

"We Thank Thee, O God," by Marjorie Foote, 351; My Faith, by Jean D. Wright, 356; Summer Sorcery, by Ouida Johns Pedersen, 359; No Barriers, by Lavinia M. Wood, 359; To a Yellow Rose, by Gene Romolo, 359; Her Wish Fulfilled, by Elsie McKinnon Strachan, 363; June, by Norma Wrathall, 368; Navajo Cradle Song, by Alice Morrey Bailey, 379; An Appreciation to Florence Jepperson Madsen, by Vida F. Swenson, 385; Rain Song, by Verda Mackay, 391; Neighbors, by Vilate R. McAllister, 393; Pilgrimage, by Ida Isaacson, 394; Pasture Lot, by Grace Barker Wilson, 399; Mirror Lake, by Vesta N. Lukei, 409; Daisies, by Christie Lund Coles, 412.

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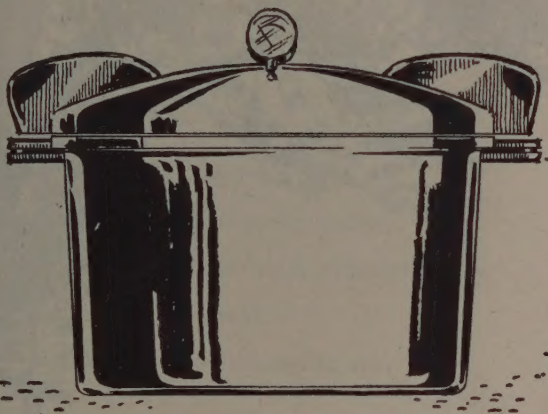
Salt Lake City, Utah



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First Love

Lael W. Hill

Very little girls, piquant as elves,
Already woman-hearted,
Love their mothers as themselves;
But every little girl—every wide-eyed one—
Owns a special world
Where her daddy shines like sun.

He is morning-wonderful and hero-high,
Voice deep-warm as earth in June—
But his smile is sky.

His arms are willow wise; safe in their holding
A little girl finds leaf-bright summer
And love's enfolding.

The Cover: Lake in Echo Park, Los Angeles, California
Photograph by Ward Linton

Frontispiece: The Winding Connecticut River, Near Hartford
Photograph by Ewing Galloway

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

In Gratitude for Father

Alice L. Wilkinson

THERE have been many beautiful and appropriate tributes written to motherhood. Countless men and women throughout the world have given to their mothers the credit for their measure of success and accomplishments. It is fitting and right that they should do so, for mothers have an unusual opportunity and power in shaping the lives of their children. No one would deny that a mother's love seems to be the most perfect, and the most sincere, the strongest of any love we know anything about.

But I am happy for this opportunity to write a tribute to fatherhood, because of the influence of two fathers upon my life, my own father's and that of my husband's father, and because of the many fine examples of fatherhood I have seen and about which I have read.

Because fathers play the sterner role in our society, and the daily vocations in life take them away from home so that they may not have the opportunity to get as close to the hearts of their children as mothers, we are prone to overlook the sentimental feelings, the tender love and affections that all good fathers have for their families. Father is often taken more or less as a matter of course. He is a necessity, he provides the food, clothing, and shelter. Often he is more to be feared than loved. Too often the realization does not come until too late that fathers yearn for an expression of appreciation and gratitude.

At the first devotional assembly of the new year, Elder Harold B. Lee addressed the students of the Brigham Young University and he related the following story.

A young woman had been summoned home to visit her dying father. On the train, alone with her thoughts, she unfolded for the hundredth time a telegram that read simply, "Father critically ill. Come at once. Mother." All through the journey she prayed that the Lord would keep him alive until she could arrive and see him again. There came over her, now that he was in danger of being taken, a great desire that she could roll back the years and see him again as she had seen him in her childhood. When she arrived home, he was still alive but in a coma, and a few hours later he slipped quietly away.

She was assigned by the family to the task of going through his personal papers and taking care of what the family called the "unfinished business."

She went carefully to her task to make sure that there was nothing that he wished to have done that would be left undone. As she searched in an inside pocket of his coat, she came upon a crumpled bit of paper which showed the effects of having been removed and read, and folded and unfolded many times. This crumpled piece of paper was a message from a young girl whom her father had befriended, and this letter was a letter of appreciation to this great, noble father.

He had seemingly clung to the message which this letter conveyed as something of a satisfaction that he hadn't received from his own daughter. The little girl had poured out her heart in gratitude that he had come at a crisis in her life, and she openly expressed her love for his thoughtfulness and kindness to her and his consideration.

The daughter laid down the paper and wept because she realized that she had failed to give her father what another had given and the thing for which he had longed so much. "Unfinished business," but, unfortunately, the kind of business that she was not permitted to finish.

There are many notable instances where the teachings, the philosophy, the cultural environment, and exemplary living of fathers have accounted, to a large degree, for the success of their sons. Robert Browning's life and poetry might have been entirely different had his father not been able to provide for him a rich intellectual environment. From his father he inherited his delight in recondite historical lore which was nourished by the fabulous Browning library of 6,000 books amassed by his father. His childhood was a happy one, due in large measure, to the approval and companionship with his father.

The eldest son of Lafcadio Hearn, whose artistic and picturesque writings earned for him the reputation of being the greatest interpreter of Japan to the Western World, writes of his father:

> Father was of sensitive nature, easily moved but very firm in other respects. He showed his warm, tender feelings, not only toward his own family, but toward the grass by the wayside and insects. He hated those who plagued the weak, or led lives of hypocrites. Crookedness of any sort he would never overlook. Wickedness, cowardice—these he detested.
>
> This same spirit of hating to see innocent things tormented increased as he grew older. In appearance he was like the spring ocean—serene—but one could not have imagined that within that soul existed such a firm strong rock as no great wave or whirlpool could move. Money or rank could not buy his straight mind.

President Heber J. Grant, who never knew his father, he having passed away when President Grant was but a babe nine days old, relates that many blessings came to him because of the honesty and integrity of his father, Jedediah M. Grant. When, as a young man, he needed financial help in some of his business affairs, he found ready assistance from those who had known and had confidence in his father.

"It filled my heart with gratitude to God for having given to me such a father," said President Grant. "The incidents I learned about my father impressed me with a strong desire to so live and labor that my children would be benefited, even after I have passed away from this life, by the record which I shall have made."

MY own dear father occupies a very special place in my recollections. He was tall, straight, and handsome, with an abundance of wavy black hair. Today that hair is a silvery white but seems no less abundant. Because of his friendly nature he was a favorite with all the children in the neigborhood. Long before he appeared in our driveway with his team and wagon after a long day's labor on the farm, we could hear his cheery whistle,

and, likely as not on his arrival, there would scramble out of his wagon a half dozen neighbor children whom he had picked up along the way because they had wanted to ride with him.

He was the possessor of an excellent bass voice and for many years sang in our ward choir. At home when we children would start to sing, he would join us with his deep "pom-pom" harmony. I remember when I was a Bee Hive Girl, I felt very proud when he was asked to direct our Bee Hive chorus, which was competing in a stake music contest. We won second place. He also played the big bass horn in our community band. Many, many miles he has marched in patriotic parades in our own and surrounding communities.

He believed that "idleness is the devil's workshop," and he would not condone laziness in any of his children. His nature was gentle but firm; and he commanded the respect, love, and obedience of his family through his own adherence to high principles of honesty and integrity.

He loved nature and all living creatures. I have heard him say many times, "There is nothing more beautiful to me than a freshly turned furrow." At one time an orphaned pet lamb which he had raised almost from birth had to be relieved of its suffering due to an illness. Father had to ask someone else to do the task. "How can I take its life," he asked, "when it has eaten out of my hands, plucked the fresh hay leaves from my jacket, and nuzzled its nose against my shoulder?"

The gospel and its teachings meant much to him. He had a great faith and believed implicitly in the spiritual assistance that comes through prayer. During the terrible influenza epidemic of 1917, as a member of the ward bishopric, he entered dozens of stricken homes, administering to the sick and giving encouragement and assistance to the bereaved families. The Lord was surely with him and blessed him with the physical stamina to withstand the virulence of that disease.

Today, in his seventy-fifth year, he still works a full day, doing one of the things he has loved most, tending the flowers and shrubs of a public garden. He has a keen sense of community pride. His position is one without high-sounding title, but he performs it with meticulous care, as though it were the most important job to be done. His beautiful home flower and vegetable garden is a source of admiration for his neighbors and many friends.

The homely virtues, sincerity, humility, friendliness, and a simple faith are the source of his strength. I am grateful for his life and the exemplary way he has lived.

Another, for whose association I am grateful, is my husband's father, who has become a part of our family circle in his declining years. Learning to know him through intimate family living has been a good experience for my children. To be ever mindful of one whose tempo of living has been diminished, to accept his little eccentricities with good humor, and to indulge in some affectionate pampering have been a good lesson in discipline and tolerance for all of us. Grandpa, as everyone calls him, and my youngest

son have been good pals. They play childish games together. Grandpa is patient, sometimes indulgent, and greatly amused with the boy's antics, while the youngster feels a perfect sense of security in his presence. The bond between the very young and the aged is close and beautiful to see. He is now approaching his eighty-ninth birthday. We honor him for his industry and his length of years which we are trying to make comfortable and happy. The opportunity to express, in daily living, love and devotion to a father is a blessed privilege.

"We Thank Thee, O God..."

Marjorie Foote

I turned the web-thin pages; time lapped back
And I was there with Noah and his sons,
Seeing the hope-rich rainbow span the sky
And spill its splendor in each pond and pool
That lingered in the valley round our hill.
I shared the joy that Moses felt when he
Beheld the bush ablaze with holy fire;
With him I climbed to Sinai's rugged peak
And plunged to depths of sorrow when he came
To see the chosen ones in dance profane.
Then, with Elijah, stern and stalwart seer,
I shared a meal that ravens thither bore;
And Cherith's waters, soothing, soft and sweet
Gave peace of soul to combat Baal's priests,
And strike a blow to establish Israel's Lord.

When Peter loved the Lord my heart rejoiced,
And I loved Peter for his sterling worth.
He overcame his human frailties;
He walked upon the waters of the world,
And smote the ear from sin and selfish creeds.
Oh, colorful has been this old earth's tale
With names that spell high courage, hope, and faith,
God's messengers dispatched throughout the world
To light—relight—the gospel's pure white flame.
Oh, Paul and James, Moroni, Nephi, too,
Then Joseph, Brigham, John of latter days,
From out the pages steps another seer.
I saw him with my eyes; he shook my hand
Oh, I will cherish this through all my years.

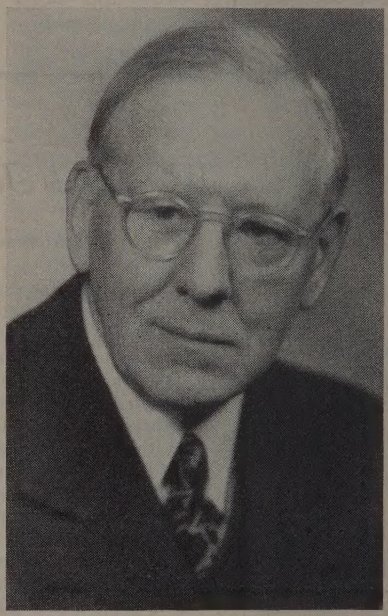
(Written in honor of President David O. McKay during his visit to Scotland in August 1953)

Elder George Q. Morris Fills Vacancy in Quorum of the Twelve

Elder Alma Sonne

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

FEW men have come to their responsibilities better fitted and qualified for the high calling of an apostle than does Elder George Q. Morris. Elder Morris is a product of the Church. He was born February 20, 1874, in Salt Lake City, Utah. His entire life has been one of unselfish service. His well-founded convictions, his long experience in Church work, his devotion to the truth, his knowledge of the restored gospel, his genial personality, and his friendly and benign spirit furnish a strong background for his ministry as a special witness of Jesus Christ.



ELDER GEORGE O. MORRIS

Elder Morris has covered a wide field as a Church leader. His religious work began as a young man when he accepted a call to the British Mission, where, for three years, he laid the foundation for the numerous activities to which he has given notable service. He gave his heart to the program of the Church in accepting one responsibility after another as the calls came. Worldly ambitions and material benefits were not permitted to stand in the way of the accomplishments for which he is now recognized. The YMMIA gave him his opportunity to inspire and guide the younger generation, first as stake superintendent and later as general superintendent of this great organization. Under his leadership the youth's program grew and developed until it attained world-wide recognition. He proved to be an executive of unusual power and ability. As a member of a bishopric, and later as a bishop, he demonstrated his practical leadership and won the love and confidence of the people over whom he presided. He is a member of the National Council of Boy Scouts of America and an honorary life member of the American Trails Association, New York City.

During his presidency of the Eastern States Mission from September 21, 1948, to October 6, 1952, he was sustained as an Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles being set apart on October 24, 1951, in New York City, by President David O. McKay. In this calling he visited the stakes and the missions, contributing to the work, encouraging and blessing the workers, making timely suggestions, and meeting difficult situations in a calm, deliberate, and effective manner. Wise in counsel and sound in judgment, he is always a leader and a thinker in the councils of his brethren.

Elder Morris is the president and general manager of Elias Morris and Sons, a pioneer institution established by his father. He has been prominently associated with this monument and tile firm for many years, demonstrating his leadership in the world of business. He is also a member of the board of directors of the Prudential Savings and Loan Association. In civic affairs he has been similarly active and prominent, devoting his time and energy to community betterment. Organizations like the Community Chest, Travelers' Aid Society, Sons of the Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce, and the Utah Trails Association have had the benefit of his vision and experience. Positions of trust and responsibility in the various avenues of service to his fellow men have broadened his views and increased his capabilities in the great cause to which he has been so faithful and devoted.

In 1905 Elder Morris was married to Emma Ramsey, talented and well-known musician and singer. She is the daughter of Major George W. and Amanda Ross Ramsey and was born in Bridgeport, Illinois, and came with her parents to Payson, Utah. Much credit for her phenomenal rise in the musical world must go to her father, a gifted singer, violinist, and flute player. He was the leader of his regimental band during the Civil War. His daughter received her first music lessons from him. She was a popular student at the Brigham Young University where she won contests in theme writing, public speaking, and singing.

Sister Morris attained prominence as the winner of the vocal prize at the National Eistoddfod held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. The adjudicator was the famous Dr. Parry who came from Wales for the occasion. This was probably the beginning of her musical career. Successful in her studies in Berlin, Germany, under renowned teachers like Madame Klara Klatte and Blanche Corelli, she went to Paris, France, where she studied for several years with Josef Archinband. Her achievements brought her to the front in the musical circles of Europe and America. President Theodore Roosevelt named her "Utah's Nightingale."

Elder and Sister Morris are the parents of three daughters: Miss Marion Morris, Mrs. Edward A. Woods, Jr., of New York, and Mrs. R. T. Stewart of Los Angeles. The family has always lived close to the Church, giving freely of time and talent for the promotion of God's work at home and abroad.

Elder Sterling W. Sill Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Elder David L. McKay

First Assistant Superintendent, Deseret Sunday School Union Board

ON April 8, 1954, in the Salt Lake Temple, Elder Sterling W. Sill was set apart as an Assistant to the Quorum of Twelve. When he was called to address the conference in the Tabernacle after having been sustained in his new position, he expressed a philosophy which has guided much of his life: "The creation of man is still going on, and in a sense, each of us is a creator."

In his busy life, Elder Sill has directed his energies to this creation —the influencing of others to good. He was bishop of the Garden Park Ward, Bonneville Stake, for ten years. Under his direction one of the most beautiful chapels in Salt Lake City was dedicated within one year from the laying of the cornerstone. Though a comparative newcomer in the ward, he was its first bishop, and exercised a remarkable influence. Members who had been inactive for years became enthusiastic workers, and the ward organizations began setting stake and Church records.

Elder Sill was on two high councils—one in North Davis Stake and the other in Bonneville Stake. As chairman of the High Council Aaronic Priesthood Committee, he directed the activity of those Priesthood quorums, helping them become more and more active as he combined his salesmanship techniques with his love of boys. Under his direction his stake reached the top ten stakes in the Church in Aaronic Priesthood work.

ELDER STERLING W. SILL

In October of 1952, Elder Sill was named a member of the Sunday School General Board. One of his assignments in the board was chairman of the committee to revise the Sunday School Handbook. He at-

tacked the problems with his usual vivacity. He distributed chapters to chairmen of committees in charge of particular subjects, and then devoted weeks to assembling and organizing their suggestions. He then mimeographed the revision at his own expense, distributed the copies to the general board, collected them, and noted the board members' criticisms on his master copy, working from that point with his committee toward the finished product.

His suggestions to the administration leadership committee of the general board have been welcome and worthwhile. The board will miss his cheerful and helpful association.

ELDER Sill is a fluent speaker, as is evidenced by his recent series of talks on the Sunday Evening Hour over KSL Radio Station. At one time he concluded that if every person prepared a talk for each sacrament meeting as if he were to be the speaker, he would be benefited as much as the speaker. With Sterling Sill, conclusion is action. So for the next year he prepared a talk for each Sunday night, whether or not he was asked to deliver it. Then he mimeographed the collection and gave it to his appreciative friends.

It is not only in the religious field that Elder Sill pledged himself to the service of others. His influence as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Utah from 1940 to 1951 will be remembered for a long time. He was chairman of this board for the last four years. While chairman he deplored the lack of housing facilities for the domestic science department. Here was need for action, so Sterling Sill acted. His term ended before sufficient funds were raised for the new center, so he devoted hours, days, and weeks in personal contact, getting subscriptions from his friends and acquaintances. As a result, the *Sterling W. Sill Family Life Center* was recently dedicated, so named by grateful board members, faculty, and students. It is a beautiful home for girls studying homemaking and a lasting memorial to Elder Sill's energetic devotion to helping others.

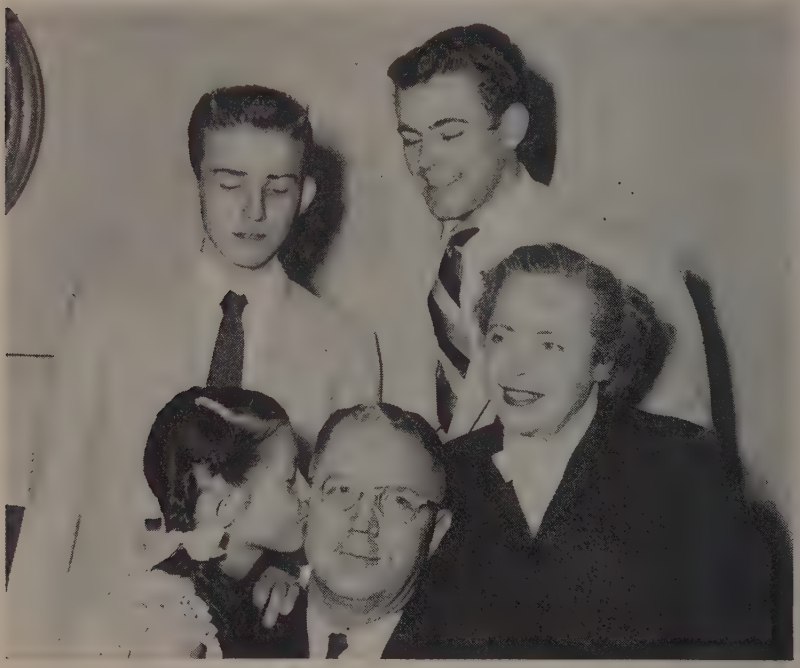
In the business field Elder Sill has been Salt Lake City manager for the New York Life Insurance Company for the past twenty-seven years, and inspector of companies' agencies in nine western states since 1941. He was the first Utahn to address the National Association of Life Underwriters and the first Utahn to receive the degree of Certified Life Underwriter. The following year he became president of the Utah State Association of Life Underwriters.

Sterling is the son of Joseph A. and Marcella Welling Sill of Layton, Utah. He was fifty-one years old last March 31. On September 4, 1929, Sterling Sill and Doris May Thornley were married. They have three children—John Michael, nineteen, David Sterling, fifteen, and Mary Carolyn, nine. His wife is an accomplished musician. She has been effective in working for the Utah Symphony. She is a member of the ward choir and is active in Relief Society. Her loyal support at all times at her husband's side has been a great force in his achievements.

Sterling's friends know that he,

too, is loyal to a supreme degree—loyal to them particularly when he is needed. He will do all he can for a cause he believes to be just.

A leader has been chosen to join a group of leaders. He will be a great influence in creating character.



ELDER STERLING W. SILL AND FAMILY

In front, left to right: Mary Carolyn; Elder Sill; Doris Thornley Sill. Standing, at the back, left to right: David Sterling; John Michael.

My Faith

Jean D. Wright

Sometimes my faith is a shining thing,
Gleaming and bright as the noonday sun.
And sometimes my faith is soft and warm
Like the darkness when day is done.

But always my faith is a crutch to me—
A broad shoulder to lean upon,
A fire by night and a cloud by day,
To guide me as I go on.

Contest Announcements—1954

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the articles on creative writing which appear in this *Magazine*, and also similar articles in the June issues for 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, and 1953.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1954. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize $25
Second prize $20
Third prize $15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1955 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board, and employees of the Relief Society general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
e. That it will not be published nor

submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1954.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1954 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1954.

The prizes this year will be as follows.

First prize $50
Second prize $40
Third prize $30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1955. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted *certifying*:

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not

be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1954.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City, 1, Utah.

Summer Sorcery

Ouida Johns Pedersen

I will not yield to Junetime's subtle spell . . .
I know her necromancy far too well
To walk her scented fields through moon-washed nights,
Or linger where she spreads her warm delights
On summer porches (pools of friendly shade
And cool, sweet sounds of ice in lemonade).
One less aware might, all unwitting, drift
Past trellised roses where bright petals sift
To snare the senses, or, unknowing, fall
Victim to a night bird's summer call
And waken, heart bewitched, to find June gone
Across the threshold of July's white dawn.

No Barriers

Lavinia M. Wood

I planted a rosebush near the line
That divided my neighbor's yard from mine.
It grew and thrived and never knew
Mine were the roses that on her side grew.
My neighbor has a fine grapevine,
That strays from her lot into mine.
So we can never claim as ours
The beauty of love, good will, or flowers.
No vine or flower will draw the line,
Between my neighbor's yard and mine.

To a Yellow Rose

Gene Romolo

Oh, gift of splendored bloom,
Whence came your loveliness?
All roses are born beautiful,
But in your yellow dress
Of satiny-soft texture
You are the loveliest.

Nature must have gathered
Gold strands strewn by the sun
And with a deft, aesthetic hand
Your petaled fragrance spun.

Equation for Better Poetry—Inspiration, Plus

*Maryhale Woolsey**

"IT must be wonderful to be able just to sit down and write a beautiful poem," someone says to me every so often, probably adding, "you are fortunate, being gifted to receive such inspiration!"

Remarks such as these are usually made at times and places wholly unsuited for replying with the truth. So I smile a thank you for the compliment intended, and let it pass.

Actually, only once in thirty-odd years and unrecorded reams of writing, does a successful and effective poem result from "just letting it remain as it came to me."

A poem *can* "come" spontaneously in a satisfactory form, but rarely does. Personal experiences and emotions are not unique; they have universality, and are "worth writing about." But these experiences must be perfected through patient work and long experimentation. .

However, the "test of time" without fairly regular effort would hardly be recommended as regular practice in poetry writing. For, through long storage, a work might lose any quality of *timeliness* it may originally have had; and in rewriting at a much later date, it might also lose the element of *spontaneity*. It is better to complete each poem to one's *present* satisfaction and go on to new projects, accepting today's dissatisfaction with last year's output as an indication of progress, of growth in ability.

Students of poetry frequently ask, "Is this idea worth writing about?" The answer is usually in the affirmative—but with a proviso: *If you can do it well.* And this may be measured by how much you *wish to write it*—how strongly you *feel* it. This matter of feeling, of *emotion*, seems to be very important. In fact, *emotion* seems to be one parent of "inspiration," and the other may be *intellect*—the mysterious inner processes of one's mind, turning an idea around and over, studying it until it becomes an urge, until it is ready to be expressed. We can speed this process somewhat by conscious thinking and study; but when—and only when—the inner, subconscious absorption is complete, *inspiration* arrives.

Incidentally, some poetry study groups use "assigned" subjects regularly as a workshop exercise. The delightful, and often astonishing variety of verses resulting, proves over and over that the idea is not the different, the original element, but that the *development* of the

*Maryhale Woolsey, author of "Springtime in the Rockies," and many other lyrics and poems, as well as stories and articles, is well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* and is widely recognized as a gifted lyricist.

idea is. A really *new* idea is almost non-existent, except as related to new discoveries or inventions.

The degree of *simplicity of expression*, is not always agreed upon by poets. Many writers believe that every poem should make use of some uncommon words. Some poets pride themselves in their ability to be inexact and inexplicable in their use of words. However, if *simplicity* is interpreted to mean *clarity*, it is certain that most readers would demand simplicity. The *oblique* poem of certain "modern schools of poetry" wins a small following. After all, the purpose of language is to *communicate* thoughts and ideas, not to mask them.

This is a matter, however, in which each poet must make his choice and stand confidently and contentedly by it. To attempt writing in styles not in accord with one's honest instincts and preferences, is to invite unhappiness and frustration. We must recognize that there is a place and an audience for nearly every kind of poetry.

One pitfall for today's beginning writers, is a misconception regarding "free" (unrhymed) verse. Such poetry, if effective, is *not* easier to write than lines with rhyme and meter. A poet's measure of success may not be in his choice of poetic form, but in how well he communicates his thoughts; and wholesomeness and good taste may outlive and eventually outrank the so-called *realism* which depresses and troubles us. Beauty is as real as ugliness, light as real as darkness; and mankind's journey, viewed in perspective, is unmistakably upward. It is no error to "sing" in tune.

But having chosen our direction, having captured our *inspiration* in first draft, we must accept the necessity for *rewriting, revising*. A poet who says, "But I felt I was inspired in this, and I wouldn't think of changing a word of it!" . . . or perhaps, "but my friends like it this way," is closing the avenues of improvement for herself and deliberately narrowing her opportunities.

"But how can I tell what to change?" the inexperienced poet queries. In other words, what can be added to *inspiration* to make a better poem?

The answer is, *study and work*. In some cases it is almost as simple as it sounds; in others, it can become very complicated indeed. But by the time we reach this stage, the potentialities of words, of language, are likely to have us so fascinated that we shall love struggling with them.

BEGINNING writers everywhere seem to make certain similar errors. The same faults appear in practically all work of untrained poets. Some errors are so noticeable that they should be tabulated thoughtfully and eliminated by all who would achieve success in poetry writing.

Since "how *not* to" helps us learn "how to," a brief discussion of some of these points may prove helpful to aspiring poets.

By far the most common fault lies in the selection of overworked subjects. It is natural to wish to write about "mother" and "spring" and "pioneers" and "autumn glory," but we must seek out something *new* to say about them; new ap-

proaches and interpretations. Poems re-extolling in general the courage and hardiness and virtue of pioneers might be rejected by the contest judges, but, for example, one which was a "portrait" of one pioneer woman might receive an award. So might one which revealed a pioneer farmer's moment of homesickness for an old home. This is what is meant by fresh and different technique.

Frequently encountered are excessively *long poems*. Too often, these wander and wobble! A long poem must be very carefully worked out if it is to be good all the way through. The more lines, the greater peril of falling into triteness, repetition, careless rhymes—and of getting off the subject altogether!

Next comes *lack of clarity*. Long, complicated sentences, with the subjects and their verbs separated by welters of modifying adjectives and adverbs and phrases, often awkwardly inverted, may end by telling nothing clearly. A word totally unsuited to the subject matter is often used for the obvious purpose of supplying a rhyme—and for no other reason.

The use of *poeticisms* and *contractions*, such as "ne'er," "o'er," "'neath," and "ere," today, is simply not allowable, and so unnecessary!

Most of these faults you can discover and correct for yourself. You *can* detect the "limping" meter (with experience, you will gain a feel for the permissible break in meter—which is not a break in rhythm!). You *can* determine whether the words you have chosen say what you really intended to say; and in the case of figures of speech (various comparisons), you *can* assure yourself that you are not falling into the *mixed metaphor* (inappropriate comparisons)—one of the saddest of poetic tragedies.

A friend once asked for my appraisal of these lines:

The bird of time is ebbing fast away;
Crumpling in bitter fragments of the day.

She was hurt when I pointed out some of the faults in the lines. It required referral to a dictionary to convince her that birds do not "ebb," that "crumpling" does not produce fragments, and that her bird, somehow, in the process of "crumpling," was changed from a bird to a *day*! But when we changed the lines to something like this:

The bird of time is soaring fast away;
I grasp at crumbling fragments of the
day . . . .

she admitted it did "seem to make more sense."

WORD examination is a must for every poet who takes any pride in her work. Have you ever tried going through a brief poem and taking *every word* to the dictionary? You may be in for some surprises—even with words you thought were thoroughly familiar to you. Again, take the important words—nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs—to a good thesaurus, and be astonished at the ones you find which add color, interest, strength, and clearness far beyond the effectiveness of the words which "just come" to you.

The mixed metaphor and the inexact word may be your greatest obstacles to successful writing—of

poetry or of anything you write. They may elude you so easily—but they need not, for *study* will surely find them out, and *work* can eliminate them. And if you don't eliminate them from your poems, your poems are going to be eliminated by those of other poets who *have* applied careful criticism and revision to their "inspirations."

Never, please, never, think that this study and work may take the joy out of creative writing. That joy increases with knowing you have created *better* poetry, made better use of your tools—the words of our wonderful language. You will be happier, knowing that your readers will gain keener enjoyment from what you have written.

Poetry has a *practical* application, for both poets and readers of poetry: developing *appreciation*. Appreciation of the beauty, the wonders in our world; appreciation of our language which makes it possible to speak and to write of these. And appreciation is a highly desirable quality in a personality; like mercy, it "blesses him who gives and him who takes" (the poet who interprets and the reader who understands). With such a mission to fulfill, a poet's very best is worth striving for.

Let us then be deeply grateful for inspiration, and add to it the best craftsmanship of which we are capable. "Inspiration, *plus* study and work"—this is our equation for writing better poetry.

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Her Wish Fulfilled

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Each dawn she wakes to dress and go alone
Past empty rooms and down the quiet stair,
Till in that kitchen, silent as a stone,
She slowly sets a single morning fare.
Where once her stove knew kettles large and small,
Where meals left cupboards bare of every dish,
Where talk and laughter rolled from wall to wall,
She sits in idleness; recalls the wish—
The wish that followed her from room to room
As needs for children followed her to bed,
The wish for time to think, time to resume
Those carefree hours where paths of youth had led.
She tastes her breakfast now, the clock's slow pace
Reminding her, *time does not always race.*

Writing Is Work

*Claire W. Noall**

THE study of life, together with the insight an author brings to bear upon it, gives him an idea of what to write about. Fascinating pictures of people struggling to meet situations abound everywhere. Yet, though situations for stories are as plentiful as leaves on a tree, ideas for them are never cheap. No story will have so much as the form of a leaf until an author has toiled over it and poured something of himself into it. When an idea has gone through the creative process, taking shape within one, it may come out so different from what it was to begin with that the creator himself may hardly recognize it. For fiction is not fact.

Stories emerge from the raw material of life only at the cost of heart's blood. Once you, as an aspiring writer, have pondered an idea, or if you have grasped one in a flash, and have recognized an arresting conflict, what are you going to do with it? How will you shape this conflict — which is essential to every story? All stories involve two forces in opposition to each other. Opposition exists everywhere and in everything. A bird can't fly without the rush of air against its wings. But flight comes to the bird after a comparatively brief practice period. Writing stories may take years of apprenticeship before you can leave an impression upon your reader that will add to his enjoyment of life or his insight into it.

And why do you write if not to show how imaginative power can function upon raw material to leave with your reader a vivid and desired effect? Why try to write if you do not wish to offer some purely individual consideration of life? In it the reflection may be immense though the facet is small.

How can we shape so much in so little — a picture of deep, of courageous, of steadfast emotion, perhaps, in the small space of a few pages of writing? That is no small task. To accomplish it you must achieve your art form. How are you going to create anything of artistic worth? Face your job.

If you intend to write, write. Write every day of your life. Though you may be busy with children and Church work, though you can use only one hour a day to begin with, write at the same time every day. The regular hour, the regular time to do your work is one of the first essentials in becoming skilled. The mind then prepares itself at that high point to function freely. Thoughts come, words flow, spontaneity may occasionally arise.

The muse will not seek you. She may bless you; but usually she defies you. She simply opens a door to a silent room, a hard chair, and the dim light in which stories find

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*Claire W. Noall has written fiction and many articles, including features published in the Church magazines and in *The Utah Magazine*, *Utah State Historical Quarterly*, and *The Western Humanities Review*.

their deepest being. It is up to you to bring your characters out of the dark into the light. Bring them out walking on their own two feet. Let them face their conflicts, let them solve them. The author must never appear to be doing so.

Nor can anyone tell you how to do this, neither muse nor adviser in the flesh. But if you have talent, and if you have the desire that gives you no rest until you develop your talent, you can learn to write stories. You can master your technique. Begin both by studying and writing. If you don't try to write you won't understand what books and people are trying to tell you about method and procedure.

ATTEND writers conferences, if you have the opportunity, listen to established writers of fiction, study books and articles on technique. Never cease to read good fiction. Read the recognized masterpieces. But remember that only you can teach yourself to express your own individual talent. If your talent is not individual it is not worth the effort of development. Therefore, write, write every day.

In one story you should have but one idea which concerns but one central character in one central situation. The situation involves a struggle, or a problem. Either at the beginning of your effort on a story, or by the time you have finished it, you must be able to state your central idea in a single declarative sentence.

The completed story should reveal the focal point of the struggle. This may be unsolvable, but if so, it should lead the reader to think and live for a while with the problem that the fictional character has been led to face. We should now see beyond the story into the avenues of life open to him or her. The solution does not necessarily have to be packaged and tied with a neat bow. Life is not like that. Still the story must be focused upon its inevitable conclusion.

The reader should also be affected by this conclusion. This effect should be produced through the action and through the change in understanding achieved by the central character. The character himself must go through this process of change. He must be different at the end of the story from what he was at the beginning. And thus the reader should find himself in a different mood from the one in which he started to read.

The main goal in writing the story is to create this change in the character. In order to do this you, as author, must know all the characters in the story. Without this knowledge you cannot produce the effect that you are trying to create. To accomplish the change referred to, you must know how the characters think, speak, and react. You must listen to their heartbeats. In the story everything that you yourself think and feel on the subject should remain out of sight. It is the reactions of your characters to their situations that count. Yet without reader reaction the count is of no value.

The reader, too, must know these people. Can he hear them speak? Can he feel their sense of touch? Can he breathe the bright blue atmosphere of the frozen north on a sunny day that you describe? Or can he feel enervated by the red drouth

of desert sand dunes when the heat rises in visible rings? Give us what you choose, but give us both place and action in terms of concrete detail.

Induce the feeling for what is to occur by including the kind of detail that pertains to the setting, the action, and the theme of your story. As far as possible, make every description, every event used support the theme and suggest the characteristic traits of the central figure. Make these dramatic details also suggest the type of action in which the main character is to be involved. Let them further the unseen elements of the piece, as well as the seen. Under the circumstances, it seems plain that if attention is called to the ringing of a bell, for example, that bell rings for some special purpose.

USE the exact word, the exact gesture, the exact suggestion. You have no space for anything extraneous. You need all the room the story provides for its development. Though the form of the story is closely molded, the setting is essential. Begin with it. Tell us at once where the action takes place, and when. Take enough space to do this through rich and suggestive detail, not through plain statement of fact. Make the detail pertinent to what is to come. And make it serve to bring your surroundings alive.

The character himself should help to do this. He should already be in action. Let us see his face and figure. Let us feel his clothing — calico, silk, or homespun. Present the fabric in terms of what it is to mean. If your desired effect is an affirmation of life, let us sense this final effect at the beginning through the realities of the person, the place, and the time.

As you lead up from the beginning to the single concluding effect of your story, remember that no sentence should ever say more than one thing. No paragraph should develop more than one idea. Bring each sentence to its own conclusion. Let the last sentence of the paragraph bring its group of sentences to their larger and more important conclusion, until at the end of a section or natural division of your story, you have attained a definite effect. But do not stop with that effect. These climactic sentences must also lead to the transition that you are about to make to a new development. As you establish one idea, you must progress to another. The last sentence of a paragraph or a division should lead to the next; or it should provide the opportunity for the opening sentence of the next paragraph to serve as that bridge. The action, or the forward movement, must at all times be sustained. At the end of a developed section, a double space may indicate a lapse of time.

Dialogue should be broken into brief passages. Seldom, if ever, let one person speak more than three sentences at a time. Never let a speech come from the air. Ground your people. Register the effect of the dialogue on the person spoken to. Bring both speaker and listener to life through relevant gesture, expression, and reaction. Thus the reader will also see and hear both speaker and listener. Persuade the reader to lose himself in his sym-

pathy for the problem that the characters face.

IN deciding how to handle your material nothing is of more importance than your choice of viewpoint character. Who is to be your main character? Who is to be acted upon to end up as the changed character? Will his story be told in the third person or will he himself relate it? Only by weighing your material thoroughly can these questions be determined. The decision should be preceded by the assimilative process that goes on in the deeper realm of consciousness. This realm is where the creative process of composing a story from the raw materials of life does its part.

How to make the creative process function is another matter for study and practice. Briefly, it can be said that the process runs through a course of interchanging impressions. You have your idea for a story; but simply to record this discovery as such, no matter how dramatic or exciting, is not creating anything in the way of new insights into life.

For, though you have taken your idea from life, in order to give it back as a story, you must transmute the substance. To accomplish this, yield your materials up to your subconscious mind. Bury them there that they may yield their essence up to you. Submit your will to theirs. Let them have their way with you that you may create from them the story that will eventually emerge through the power of both levels of your mind, the conscious and the subconscious.

Let your characters come forth from the depths of your being. But before you release them as participants in a story, make them into as full-bodied personalities as the space limits of the story will allow. Feed your conscious mind with knowledge of the situation with which you expect to deal, with knowledge of your characters, with practiced skill in techniques so that the subconscious mind will give you a rich return. Let it give you sufficient means to balance the conscious control which in the last analysis of your work you will have to exert.

As a reminder of the deeper level, think twice of what William Butler Yeats says in his preface to the *King of the Great Clock Tower*:

> God guard me from those thoughts men think
> In the mind alone.
> He that sings a lasting song
> Thinks in a marrow bone.

(Used by permission from *The King of the Great Clock Tower*, Commentaries, and Poems, The Macmillan Company, copyright 1935.)

And so listen to the secret drumbeat of the lives of your characters, that in turn you may beat that drum to give us the rhythm as you capture it in word and mood. Give us a small piece of life that may yet reflect a wide stage upon which the reader himself may seem for one small moment to live and move.

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Don Knight

CALIFORNIA POPPIES IN BEAR VALLEY NEAR PINNACLE, CALIFORNIA

June

Norma Wrathall

There is a time, between spring's fickle favor,
And summer's long hot hours of toil and care,
When fairy skies seem curved in blue enchantment,
And perfume lingers in the warm, sweet air;
When roses wreathe the earth with fragrant treasure,
And butterflies flit through the long, bright day
As if their happiness were everlasting,
And some ecstatic spell might make time stay;
When every morning wakes the world to gladness—
And every night renews love's youthful dream.
Oh, June, hold back your gifts, like petals falling,
To make our sad days fairer than they seem!

The Falling Shackles

Margery S. Stewart

Chapter 1

WHEN the conductor came through the train calling "Salt Lake City . . . ten minutes," Maria Tobler felt she could not endure the tension another moment. It had been mounting for days and weeks and months and years. Ever since the first prison gate had closed behind her and Mamma and Karen, this moment had been in her dreams and waking moments like a tormentingly far, beautiful star. It had been the burden of all her prayers and all the fierce longing of her seventeen years. Now it had come. One more gate through which to pass and the land would be hers.

She looked across the aisle to Papa's white face and saw the strain was in him, too, tightening his mouth to a fine line, bringing his brows down over his gray eyes, making his long fingers clasp and unclasp on the arm rest. Papa had been years long in a worse prison camp than any of them. There were times still when Maria wakened to his endless, nervous pacing. But here . . . here, deep in the heart of this beautiful land, it would pass.

Maria looked from Papa to Mamma's strong, dark face. Mamma was looking at her, smiling and nodding. "Is good," Mamma's lips formed. "Is very good."

Beside Maria, Karen twittered and jumped. "I can't bear it," Karen whispered, her hands crossed on her thin breast. "I won't live until we get there. Just feel my heart, Maria. Isn't it zipping? I shall die and I am only fifteen years old, die before I have a chance to be happy."

Maria laughed. Karen was always so dramatic about everything. Maria could almost see the visions Karen was conjuring up in her mind, her prostrate form, the startled passengers, the tragic procession that would bear the beautiful, young girl to her last resting place.

"You know Papa said you are strong as a horse," Maria said. "It was the third American hot dog you ate last night that made you sick."

Karen subsided furiously, "Meanie! You wait until you get a symptom."

Maria put her arm around her younger sister. "When I get a job I will buy you a sweater, like the one the blonde girl was wearing yesterday. I will buy you a little string of pearls, and you shall go to high school and be one of them. Think of it."

"I can see myself," Karen murmured.

She closed her eyes, and Maria rose to take down the last bag, smilingly aware that her sister was deep in another daydream. But, arms in mid-air, she was arrested by the furious screams of her small brother. Maria turned. Karen jumped.

Phillip, in his father's arms, was protesting the end of the journey by kicks and screams. "You promised me Indians!" he was shouting.

"Indians you promised me . . . I have not seen one, not even a baby one, not even a mother Indian. I won't get off . . . I won't!"

THE other passengers roared with laughter. Maria turned pink with embarrassment. How were they to know there wouldn't be Indians at every stop. In the few American movies they had seen, the land seemed to be filled with them, brightly painted, mischief bound, hurtling themselves down from rocky hills.

"No," said Papa. "You must be still. . . ."

Phillip redoubled his protests until Mamma put out one large firm arm, brought him in one sweeping gesture to her ample lap, and silenced him with a look. Peace reigned.

"We shall find Indians," said Mamma, "but first we have other things to do." She turned and peered through the window as the train slowed to a stop. "Do you see him, Maria? Do you see Cousin Frederick?"

Maria and Karen searched from their window. "How will we know, Mamma?"

Mamma sighed. "I forget. He was only a boy when he left for America . . . is long time."

The passengers disembarked. Maria picked up one of the bags, pointed to the other, and Karen reluctantly followed her example. They trudged heavily on the heels of the school teacher from Chicago.

When it seemed impossible that she would ever leave the train, Maria found herself being helped down the high steps, breathing the damp, smoky spring air. The night had come and she regretted it, since now she could not see the city until morning. Beside her Karen jumped up and down. "Maria, Maria . . . we're here!"

Papa and Mamma descended with more dignity but just as eagerly. Only Phillip, forlorn as only a five-year-old can be, bewailed still the lack of Indians.

A man hurried toward them. "Christopher Tobler?"

"Cousin Frederick!" cried Mamma. "I should have known you anywhere."

Maria blinked. Cousin Frederick was paunchy and bald and wore thick, horned-rimmed glasses. Mamma had talked long and happily of a curly haired youth, so slim he had been the worry of his family.

"You should have come yesterday with the others," Cousin Frederick mourned. "Yesterday was bands, was newspapermen, was the mayor even, but today . . . nothing."

Mamma sighed. "It was Karen. She was sick, and we had to stopover . . . the others came without us."

Cousin Frederick was still unhappy. "No sense of timing. Yesterday everyone was interested in the arrival of refugees. Today," he snapped his fingers, "they are forgotten. Today there is a new headline."

MAMMA laughed. "We do not need a mayor, or a headline. We are here, that is enough for us."

But Maria crept close to her Mother's ample side. It was plain that in coming late they had offended Cousin Frederick and were at once out of step with important happenings.

"Tonight," said Cousin Frederick and mopped his forehead, "tonight, my Hilda is having her baby, and I must rush you to your house and rush back to the hospital. Come, come, I will help you with your bags."

"Oh, Frederick," cried Mamma pushing Maria before her, "you should not have come. You should have sent someone. Hurry, hurry, Karen. Come, Phillip. No, Papa, let Karen carry the bag, it will not hurt her."

Maria hurried with the others through the great gates, up the ramp, through the station, and out into the night again. The bag was heavy. She found herself gasping for breath. Phillip kept getting in front of her, so that she stumbled on him with every step.

They hurried the bags into the back of Cousin Frederick's car. They hurried inside the car, and even the automobile seemed to catch their nervousness and hurry itself along the wide, bright streets.

Maria flattened her face against the window, trying to keep the pictures from sliding by so quickly, the beautiful stores, the lights, the many, many cars . . . a girl in a red coat who smiled at her at an intersection, a group of tall young men in blue sweaters striding down the street. But she could not keep the pictures in her mind; they tumbled into oblivion, pushed away by smaller streets, houses, a glimpse of a family around a dining-room table. Maria marveled at the uncurtained window. Her mind fled back to the years of shuttered windows, of hushed voices, the dreadful waiting for the booted foot upon the stair, the pounding fist. It was obvious that no such terror lived in these wide streets.

Karen's hand was making blue ridges on her arm. "Maria! Just look at the houses! We shall have one just as beautiful. I will stand at the gate . . . like that girl . . . see. Oh, we went past her too fast."

"I saw her," said Maria dryly, "and the young man. I suppose you will have one of those, too, swinging on the front gate?"

KAREN pointed. "Oh, you! I won't be as hopeless as you when I'm seventeen. I'm not going to be old-seventeen like you. I'm going to be like the ones on the train, laughing and singing and swirling their ruffled petticoats."

"*Old* seventeen?" Maria sat back, one hand on her throat. Dismay shook her. She hadn't thought about herself until now. It hadn't seemed important. It hadn't been important at all beside those years of horror and of flight, of the armies before them and behind them, and the hidden terror of the enemies among them, tracking them down for the crime of being "unsympathetic to the cause." All her childhood a nightmare of ner mother's tears and the stealthy whisperings of phantom feet pursuing them, as loud to Maria's childish ears as the scream of bombs and the bursting of buildings. *Old seventeen.* She thought of her friend Mathilda, who would never walk again; of Jennie, blind. What did it matter what kind of seventeen she was? She was here in America, safe with Mamma and Papa, with gay, reckless Karen, whom she had shielded so fiercely, with little Phillip, who

was too young to understand any of it. It was enough.

"Oh," cried Karen in despair. "Look at the street. I might have known!" She slumped against the seat.

Maria sat up. They had turned into a narrow street, where the houses were either flush with the sidewalk or had pocket handkerchiefs of lawn.

"I might have known," moaned Karen again.

"It isn't much of a street," said Frederick apologetically, "but rents are very high, and not knowing whether or not the plant would suit you, Chris, I thought it better to go a little slow."

"You did exactly right," said Papa. "You have done so much for us already. Now we do for ourselves."

"We are strong," said Mamma. "We can manage."

"Mr. Henderson said to bring you down in the morning, Chris. The job isn't much for you who have been a doctor most of your life, but it was all I could get."

"It is fine," said Papa, "fine. It is the law here that a doctor from a foreign land must go to school again before he can practice medicine here. Is fine. We keep the law." He laughed. "Think of the people I save by changing my lifework."

"No sir," said Cousin Frederick, "I have heard only of the many you have saved by being their doctor . . . in the camps they said you were magnificent." He shut off the ignition and opened the door. "Well, this is the house."

Maria waited until they were all out of the car, then she looked up. The house was red brick and tall, with an ornate front porch railing from which palings were lost. "But we can fix the porch," she said. "I can fix it myself."

"No," said Mamma, "we do not start on the porch. We start in the basement, then we go to the closets and the drawers. To fix the outside first is a lie, it says we are all neat inside . . . is not true at all. We begin in the center and work out . . . then we are right."

Maria and Karen exchanged deep glances of resignation and despair. It was always like that. Even in the camps with nothing, Mamma had insisted on order and fought fiercely for what cleanliness she could obtain.

"It isn't bad on the inside," said Cousin Frederick.

THEY trooped after him up the walk and through the front door. It opened on a tall, narrow hallway with stairs leading upward to the second floor. On the right of the hall was the door that opened to a great, high-ceilinged living room with a fireplace. The furniture was old and battered, but comfortable. Karen ran ahead to open the double doors that led to a dining room, beyond which was a vast kitchen linoleumed in blue and white squares, with a gas range, blackened by age, in one corner. There was a square oil-clothed table in the center of the room.

Maria looked at Mamma hesitantly. Mamma had voiced her wistful dreams for so many years, of an American kitchen as she had heard of them, gleaming with porcelain and chrome. How could this battered room compare?

Mamma's cheeks were wet with tears. She went over to the range and caressed it with heavy, gentle hands. "I tried to believe, always, that I should have again my own kitchen, my own stove. Many times I could not believe at all, four families in one small house."

"But, Mamma," Karen protested, "it isn't what I dreamed about at all. I thought we would have a house like the American magazines."

Mamma patted Karen's cheek. "That is the human part of us to want everything at once, the castle, the big car, the famous friends, the safety, the jewels, the good times, the happiness, all in a moment of time. But God in his goodness sends some of us blessings a few at a time that we might enjoy each."

Maria went to her mother and laid her head on her Mother's broad shoulder. Through all the terror and the violence and death, Mamma had stood like a rock, believing, rebuilding, planning, rejecting despair and defeat.

"I love you, Mamma," Maria wanted to say, but the words seemed so inadequate for the torrent of emotion she felt.

Now that Mamma liked the house or what she had seen of it, Cousin Frederick relaxed and became almost jovial. "Not knowing her time was today, Hilda made the dinner to celebrate your coming. It is all here." He opened the refrigerator. "She had me bring it down. A goose yet, roasted."

Maria stood aside so Papa, too, could come and admire the shining white depths of the refrigerator and the contents so temptingly displayed. There was the goose, brown and crusty, needing only to be warmed up. There were a pie and an apple cake and sour cabbage and green beans.

Cousin Frederick rubbed his hands. "You have only to warm it up. I wish I could stay."

Mamma remembered Hilda. She pushed Frederick out of the room. "Not a moment more do you spend with us. Is too long already."

There was a great silence when she came back to the kitchen. They looked at each other with wide, anxious eyes. The strange sounds of a strange place drifted in from outside, voices in argument, a small boy calling his dog, the slamming of a gate.

Maria saw Mamma's fingers tighten on her throat. "Is a big country."

Karen came close to Maria. "Suppose nobody likes me. Suppose they hate me?" she whispered.

"It will be strange not to carry my bag," said Papa wistfully.

I am not like their girls, Maria thought fearfully. I am different. I am an old seventeen.

Suddenly Mamma laughed and clapped her hands. "Why are we standing here so solemn? We have a feast waiting for us. Maria find the dishes and the silver. Karen, help her set the table."

It is strange, Maria thought, how you can coax happiness to come to you, in the sound of a bubbling kettle, or the unfolding of a clean cloth, or new bread on a flowered plate. How many other ways are there? I will search for them, then I will be stronger than any loneliness.

(To be continued)

First Ladies of Our Land

WIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS

Part IV

Elsie C. Carroll

BEFORE *Ida Saxton McKinley* (1847-1907), wife of the twenty-fifth President, (1897-1901), chose William McKinley from among her many suitors, she had graduated from college, had a trip to Europe, and had been a successful cashier in her father's bank. To their friends the McKinleys seemed unusually blessed with good fortune and happiness. Her father gave them a home for a wedding present; William was rapidly making a name in the political world; Ida was a leader in the social life of their community.

But one loss after another of loved ones—her mother and two little daughters—caused an illness which left Mrs. McKinley an invalid the rest of her life. She retained her charm and personality, however, which kept her friends and, above all, the devotion of her husband. He had many speaking engagements, but he took her with him whenever possible, even though she could not walk except with a cane and the help of another person.

During his two terms as Governor of Ohio they lived in a hotel near the Capitol. Each morning as he neared the building, he turned to the window of the hotel where she was watching and lifted his hat. Each afternoon at three o'clock he left whatever he was doing and went to the window of his office and waved a handkerchief to her as she waited for his signal of remembrance.

IDA SAXTON McKINLEY
(1847 - 1907)

This gallantry continued when he became President. He ignored some former customs. For instance, she always sat at his right at state dinners, and at receptions he stood behind her chair with his hand on her shoulder. Her invalidism did not curtail the life in the White House. They entertained extensively.

She went with the President to Buffalo in 1901 to attend the Pan-American Exposition. While holding a reception in the Temple of Music, tragedy came to William McKinley. Part of the ceremonies were over and he had sent Ida to

rest at the home of their host, when he was shot by an assassin. He said to his secretary, "My wife, be careful how you tell her." Six days later he died with his arm about her as she knelt at his bedside, whispering "I want to go, too." She lived six years after her husband's death.

Edith Kermit Carow Roosevelt (1861 - 1948) was Theodore's second wife. Alice Lee (whom he married in 1880) had died four years after her marriage and had left Teddy a little daughter, to be known later as "Princess Alice." He married Edith in London in 1886 and brought her back to his lovely home at Oyster Bay, where they lived happily as one after the other of their five children came.

After Roosevelt became President (in 1901), the same comradeship between the parents and the children continued. Both he and Edith reserved some time each day for family life. It is said that Edith was a mother until after breakfast, the family's favorite meal; then she walked in the garden with her husband before he went to his office; then did household supervising, and by 1:45 was ready to be First Lady.

She was the first mistress of the Executive Mansion to employ a social secretary. To further conserve her time, she divided the people she needed to entertain into groups who would be congenial because of their positions or experiences. These things, together with her natural tact and charm, made all White House functions delightful.

The Roosevelts spent all his salary on entertainment. Edith had a caterer under contract to serve all state dinners for eight dollars a plate. This relieved her of many details for each event.

During this administration the White House was enlarged to provide offices and guest rooms. After that, the mansion was seldom without guests.

A striking social event was the marriage of Princess Alice. Gardeners worked for months on the decorations. A thousand guests witnessed the marriage.

Characteristic of the ease and poise of the First Lady, is the story that she spent the morning before the noontime wedding knitting and visiting with Alice's maternal grandmother. With similar ease she made welcome unexpected guests her husband was in the habit of bringing to dinner when other guests—often dignitaries—were present. Both she and the President had the knack of making all their guests share happily in the conversation.

EDITH CAROW ROOSEVELT
(1861-1948)

HELEN HERRON TAFT
(1862 - 1943)

The Roosevelt family all enjoyed the White House—formal occasions as well as pillow-fights or races down the long hall. Their slogan was "one for all and all for one." The second term of Theodore Roosevelt ended in 1909.

Helen Herron Taft (1862 - 1943) had a keen sense of humor and a love of adventure. When life seemed dull, she made something happen to liven it up. She thought it would be fun to have a salon like famous French women used to have, where they gathered into their parlors people of wit and talent for good conversation. William Howard Taft was invited to her salon. Later he intimated that she had other than intellectual motives for her gatherings.

They were married in June 1886 and took a trip around the world for their honeymoon. Settled in Cincinnati, Helen continued her varied activities. One was the organization of the Civic Orchestra.

In 1900 Mr. Taft was sent to establish civil government in the Philippines, just ceded to the United States. When they arrived in Japan they were informed that they were to have an audience the next day with the Emperor and Empress. Helen had no dress acceptable for such an occasion, but she found an Oriental seamstress who made over an evening gown for the ritual. Between fittings, Helen practiced the low bow prescribed by Japanese etiquette. She appeared at court as if she had spent months preparing for the event.

As First Lady of the Philippines, she endeared herself to the natives by making them feel that America was their friendly guardian. They came by thousands to her weekly "at home," where she pleased them by serving little Japanese cakes her native cook baked for her.

Mrs. Taft was a great aid to her husband in the many important positions he held before he became President and was a distinctive First Lady during his administration (1909-1913). She fostered several significant projects. One was the erection of the bandstand in Potomac Park. On the opening day thousands thronged to hear the concert by the Marine Band. Regular concerts have been given there ever since. It was she who thought of having cherry trees in the park, and it was doubtless through her influence that the gift of a thousand cherry trees came from Japan. So, to her, the thousands who enjoy the Washington cherry festival every spring can be grateful. William

Howard Taft died in 1930 and Helen died in 1943.

Ellen Axson Wilson (1860-1914) first wife of Woodrow Wilson, gave up her career as an artist when she married in June 1885. She felt that her career was to help her husband succeed in his, and that she did, perhaps more than even they realized. Her warm southern friendliness was a good balance for his rather cold, retiring nature. While he was a teacher at Bryn Mawr and later President of Princeton University, she smoothed the way for him through the policies and jealousies of faculty life. It was the same when he actively engaged in political affairs. She strove always to keep him fit and to provide a comfortable and peaceful home life.

In the Executive Mansion after he became President (in 1913), her chief concern continued to be for him. She denied herself many experiences which she would have enjoyed because of his needs and inclinations. She felt that the President should be a leader of the people, and she put all her power into his work. And she was ever at hand to encourage and help him.

ELLEN AXSON WILSON

She found time to follow some interests of her own, however. One was work for underprivileged people. She served on the Board of Charities in Washington and worked for the passage of a tenement bill. It is said that just before her death she whispered that she would be happier if she knew the bill had been passed. Her husband got this word to Congress, and assurance that this would be done reached her before she became unconscious.

One commentator said: "Her work was left to her husband. She gave him the idealism which marked his career."

Woodrow Wilson's second wife, *Edith Bolling Galt*, whom he married in 1915, was the daughter of William Holcombe Bolling, lawyer and judge, and Sallie White Bolling, both members of old, aristocratic Virginia families. At the time of her marriage to Woodrow Wilson, Edith Galt was a young widow successfully managing a jewelry business in Washington. A woman of education, beauty, and culture, she contributed significantly to President Wilson's welfare and success.

She stood by him during those trying and anxious days preliminary to and during the first World War. One biographer wrote: "The man who loved peace more than anything else in the world rose at four-thirty in the mornings to get at the

From the Guenthe Portrait

EDITH BOLLING WILSON

work of making war." He believed that he was working for the war that would end all wars.

After the war, Mrs. Wilson accompanied the President on two trips to Europe, in planning for the peace. On his return home, President Wilson sought to win American support for the League of Nations. He was ill when he started on a strenuous speaking tour and collapsed after making a speech in Pueblo, Colorado.

Mrs. Wilson, with the help of secretaries, carried on the work of the President's office. She acted as executive secretary, advisor, nurse, and as an unfailing and inspirational companion. The Wilsons left the White House in 1921, and three years later Edith Galt Wilson became a widow.

She still resides in the national Capital, and many sincere friends of former days and many officials of our present government are numbered among those who visit in her home and who regard Edith Wilson as a woman whose mind and heart and whose lovely and sympathetic personality not only contributed much to the eminence of her husband, but have made of her a personality greatly loved and admired, and respected for her faith in the destiny of America in world leadership.

Florence Kling Harding (1860 - 1924) was a loyal and gifted helpmate. In fact one observer said: "If there had been no Florence to spur his ambition, Warren Harding would not have been President of the United States."

Florence was trained in business by her banker father, who wanted her to have a musical career. She was married at eighteen and soon became a widow. Her father objected to her second marriage, which was solemnized July 8, 1891.

Her unusual business ability was a great asset to her husband, a struggling editor. It is said that largely through Florence the *Marion Star* changed from an unknown newssheet to an important newspaper, and that she also helped the editor grow into a leading citizen. She assisted him in his political climb when he entered politics. His father-in-law, then reconciled to the marriage, urged Warren to give up politics, but Florence urged him just as strongly to keep on, and worked to help make him a Senator, then President.

He was a handsome, likable man, but he lacked some of the qualities essential to strong leadership, and he put too much trust in friends

who were not reliable. His was a difficult administration, with reconstruction and internal problems too great for adequate solution. President Harding's wife stood helpfully by him on all occasions.

Social life in the White House, which had been abandoned because of the illness of President Wilson, was resumed. At a May Day reception Mrs. Harding shook hands with seven thousand persons, which left her own hand so swollen her glove had to be cut from it. She was interested in welfare work, in the schools, and in Girl Scout activities.

In the midst of all of Warren Harding's difficulties, his devoted wife was always beside him, even to the last scene "when death touched him while she was reading aloud to him" (August 2, 1923).

FLORENCE KLING HARDING

Navajo Cradle Song

Alice Morrey Bailey

Go to sleep, little one, don't you know it is night?
All around you is slumber, yet your black eyes are bright.
Dawn Boy has carried the sun to the West;
In the Turquoise One's house he is now at his rest.
Long shadows have thickened;
Outside is the dark,
And distant and weird
Is the coyote's thin bark.
All they of the winds, and the deer-folk are still,
And the soft-footed tribe stalks its prey on the hill,
And now the eyes of the Sky People peeping
At you through the smoke-hole, their watch of you keeping.
Your father is nodding,
His fire has burned low,
And his silver-work gleams
In the red-embered glow.
Your mother is weary, now quiet her loom,
Its bright pattern dimmed in the hogan's soft gloom.
Your sister is dreaming, sleep-flung on her pelt;
In the blue of the firelight her small features melt.
Your brothers have watered
And bedded their sheep,
And your black eyes are drowsy,
So sleep, papoose, sleep.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S ANNIVERSARY: This the first day of June is quite a red-letter day among our people, on account of it being the anniversary of Brigham Young, who presided over the Church so many years and was also truly a Moses unto this people, a pioneer and leader into these mountain vales, where he founded towns and cities, and established order and maintained peace. . . . Let his birthday be kept ever fresh and green by our children and children's children. . . .

—*Editorial*

TO THE SISTERS: My thoughts are oft with my sisters and I desire to commune with them. . . . Our dear little *Exponent* is our friend, and it is a welcome visitor to all our organizations, and through this medium of communication I hope more often to correspond with the sisters. . . . Inasmuch as our long standing organizations have been blessed to do so much good in relieving the needy in the past, and there are now new duties requiring special attention . . . and praying that we nor any other people may ever lack bread or the necessities of life, I feel it will require us as a people to have courage and firmness to meet distressing times . . . utilizing all that we can and that we have, and not going into debt. We can teach our children frugality and restrain them from wasting even a piece of bread. . . . My heart is in the latter-day work, and my prayer is that Zion may prosper. . . .

—Zina D. H. Young, President, Relief Society

KEEP THE LIGHT

So keep the light about you; death is light,
And life, and power to pure and chastened love,
And death is only dark to doubt, and sight
That has no visions from the world above.

—Alice Robbins

A BIRTHDAY PARTY: Thursday, May 3rd was the anniversary of the birthday of two of our dear sisters, Susan H. Wells and Bathsheba W. Smith, and as they are intimate friends, a party was given in their honor that day at the residence of Sisters L. A. and S. H. Wells, which was a very pleasant affair. . . . Miss Kate Wells and her sisters Miss May Wells and Mrs. Anette Culmer did the honors in a very graceful way, and the delicacies served were highly appreciated. . . . The friends whom one has known to be ever true in adversity as well as prosperity, should hold sweet converse now and then from the busy world apart.—Editorial Notes.

UINTAH STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Convened in the Stake House March 4, 1894, Sister Sarah Pope presiding. Counselor A. Bartlett said the Relief Society was organized by the Prophet Joseph for a wise purpose, and also spoke at some length on the subject of virtue. Counselor Mary Hall bore her testimony. Advised the sisters to read and study good books that they might store up knowledge and have something to talk about, besides talking about their neighbors, and asked the Lord to bless us in our work. . . . Sister Robison spoke a few words to the young sisters. Said they must be very kind to the aged, remember they were the ones that cared for us when we were small, be kind to them and take their counsel and the counsel of parents, for remember we will all be old some day ourselves. . . . President Pope said . . . it is but a few short years from the cradle to the grave, and let us do all the good we can. . . —Addie Longfellow, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, has gone to Helsinki, Finland, as a vice-president of the National Council of Women, to attend the triennial meeting of the International Council of Women to be held June 8-18th, 1954. Mrs. Spafford is assigned to the sessions on moral welfare.

MARBA C. JOSEPHSON, Associate Editor of *The Improvement Era*, and general board member of the Y.W.M.I.A. will attend the triennial meeting of the International Council of Women in Helsinki as an alternate delegate representing the Y.W.M.I.A.

SIXTEEN prominent Latter-day Saint women have been memorialized by having the new student apartments for women at Brigham Young University named for them. The honored women are: Lucy Mack Smith, Eliza R. Snow, Emmeline B. Wells, Mary Fielding Smith, Aurelia S. Rogers, Anna Meith Maesar, Louie B. Felt, Romania B. Penrose, Alice R. Richards, Alice Merrill Horne, Ellis R. Shipp, Emma Lucy Gates Bowen, Louise Y. Robison; and three living women: Mima M. Broadbent, Ruth May Fox, and Estella S. Harris.

THE Lady of Arlington, a new biography by Harnett Kane, based on the life of Mary Custis Lee, is considered an "authentic" narrative, using as its primary source material a large number of letters. Mrs. Lee was the only child and heiress of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of George Washington. Mary Custis spent most of her girlhood at Arlington, the showplace her father built on the banks of the Potomac. As wife of General Robert E. Lee, during the tragic days of the Civil War, she suffered much hardship. She died at Lexington in 1873, three years after the death of her husband.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Cynthia L. Bailey, Salt Lake City, ninety-eight; Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Nelson Glover, Candon, South Carolina, ninety-seven; Mrs. Sarah Ann Prince Butler, Eagar, Arizona, ninety-six; Mrs. Dorothy Williams, Beaver, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Hannah Stubbs Jones, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Celesta M. Clark, Teton City, Idaho, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 JUNE 1954 NO. 6

The 124th Annual Church Conference

AS ancient Israel ascended to Jerusalem yearly to celebrate the Feast of the Passover, so modern Israel, twice yearly, travels to the tops of the mountains to partake each time of three days of a spiritual feast.

An enlightening and joyful spirit, permeated by a deep sense of peace, characterized all sessions of the one hundred twenty-fourth annual conference of the Church held on April 4-6, 1954. It was with reluctance that the assembled congregation dispersed at the concluding session. For three days they had partaken of the bread of life. As they were admonished, warned, encouraged, and uplifted by their prophet, President David O. McKay, and by the words of those others who have been called of God to devote their time to his service in behalf of their fellow men, high resolves to live the gospel more fully and thus surely to earn eternal life found lodgment in the hearts of the saints.

Latter-day Saints sustained wholeheartedly the appointment of Elder George Q. Morris to the Council of the Twelve to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death, in December, of Elder Matthew Cowley, and of Elder Sterling W. Sill as an Assistant to the Twelve to fill the vacancy arising from Elder Morris' new appointment. Elder Morris' life has been spent in the service of the Church and Elder Sill's devotion to Church duties has been noteworthy.

Through twenty-seven radio stations throughout the Western States and the Hawaiian Islands, parts of the proceedings of the conference were heard by radio originating with radio station KSL. In addition to the coverage afforded by KSL-TV for the entire three days of sessions, the first session on Sunday morning, was released over nine other TV stations in Colorado, Arizona, California, Oregon, and Washington. The CBS Church of the Air on Sunday morning preceding the second session of conference (the first session being the Priesthood meeting on Saturday night) was addressed by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. on the subject "Jesus, Our Risen Lord." Truly the commandments of the Master: "Go ye unto all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15) is becoming more understandable each day as scientific marvels are bringing the inhabitants of the world within speaking distance of each other. In this regard President McKay recounted some conjectures of missionaries in Scotland, when he was laboring there some years ago, as to the seeming impossibility of preaching the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

President McKay presided and conducted all the sessions of the conference. With love and appreciation, the saints heard his opening and closing exhortations. Latter-day Saints were urged to heed the

words of the Lord as found in the fourth section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men. Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day (D. & C. 4:1-2).

President McKay declared:

Four conditions contribute to the intensifying of the thought or sense of responsibility of the Church . . . . First of these are modern means of transportation. These have made practically all nations neighbors . . . . Another consideration is the willingness of men and women to consecrate their time, their means, and their ability to the advancement of the Kingdom of God . . . . Third, the fulfillment of prophecies made over a hundred years ago regarding the growth of the Church brings forcibly to our minds the responsibility of proclaiming the truth . . . . Here is another phase of Church work — baptisms for those who did not have a chance to hear the gospel before they died. . . . A marvelous work and a wonder!

The address of President Stephen L Richards beautifully gave his testament of the words of Paul " . . . I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ . . . ."

President Richards continued:

Why should we be ashamed of the gospel of Christ? . . . Undoubtedly one of the factors is pride, I think a false pride. There is sometimes fear that ridicule will follow such an acknowledgment . . . . There are some who may regard the acknowledgment of spiritual power as a stigma of weakness . . . . There are some who seem to feel that their liberties are circumscribed by the acceptance and acknowledgment of spiritual forces . . . . There are those, constituting perhaps the largest portion of that group within the Church who seem ashamed of the gospel of Christ, who are just too weak to stand up under all circumstances and conditions for the right and the truth as they know it to be . . . . I make this solemn declaration: If you are never ashamed of the gospel of Christ, if you will always pray to him and never defame his sacred name, if you will never make light of the Holy Priesthood and the ceremonies and ordinances of the gospel, a spirit of rebellion will never come into your hearts . . . . You will grow in faith and in good works, and when your life's mission has been completed and you go hence to your reward, the Savior will greet you, as he has promised, with those glorious words, "I am not ashamed of you."

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. advised, in a positive and scholarly dissertation, that Latter-day Saints should not accept the new revised version of the authorized Bible in place of the King James version:

This King James or Authorized Version, "as far as it is translated correctly," has been the Version accepted by this Church since it was . . . organized . . . . For the first three Christian centuries, and following Simon the Sorcerer, heretics and heresies, great and small, sought to destroy or wipe out the recognition of Jesus as Christ . . . . I refer to Arianism that nearly wrecked the Christian Church in the time of Constantine. It is an obscure and shifting doctrine that, shortly put, and in general terms, denies Godhead to the Christ . . . . The translation found in these various Revisions, contains, on the one hand, many passages that in effect voice Arian or near-Arian concepts, and, on the other hand, omits many passages that contradict Arian doctrines . . . . For a century and a quarter, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has declared the King James Version of the Bible to be the Word of God, with a reservation as to incorrect translations of the Greek text on which it was based . . . . To the Latter-day Saint, the final verdict must be that no text that minimizes or denies the Godhood of Jesus, can be re-

garded as the word of God, no matter how old and respected the manuscript may be which sets out such views . . . . To the Latter-day Saint, Jesus was the Christ, the Only Begotten, the Son of God, a member of the Trinity. All our modern scriptures are to this point, and the true ancient Scriptures will neither take away from, nor destroy this everlasting truth.

In closing, President McKay feelingly directed his remarks to every Latter-day Saint:

Now, my brethren and sisters, the hour is drawing to a close, wherein our great conference gathering will soon have become an event of the past. The sessions themselves will be mere history, but the messages, we hope, will ever remain on the tablets of our memories and will become moving factors in our daily lives.

—M. C. S

Notes TO THE FIELD

Summer Work Meetings

IT is the desire of the general board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through September.

Music for Special Program Sunday, November 7, 1954

IN order to allow ample time for preparation, the numbers to be sung by the Singing Mothers in the special program for November 7, 1954 are listed below and are available now:

"I Know That My Redeemer Lives," EDWARDS, *Hymns*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, page 361.

"Thanks Be to God," S. S. A. No. 2404, Boosey and Hawkes, Inc., Lynnbrook, New York, New York.

If your dealer is unable to supply the second number, it may be ordered from the following stores:

Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Daynes Music Company, 45-47 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

Brigham Young University Leadership Week

June 21 - 25, 1954

Brigham Young University Leadership Week will be held this year during the week of June 21st to June 25th. Lecture periods will deal with the courses of study in Relief Society and lectures will also be given on teaching methods in Relief Society. Mimeographed copies of some of these lectures will be for sale at a nominal fee following Leadership Week. It is suggested that Relief Society members who would care to purchase copies of this material, correspond with the Extension Division, Brigham Young University, as to their availability following Leadership Week.

Tribute to the Singing Mothers

President David O. McKay

[Comment at the Seventh Session of the 124th Annual Conference, Tuesday, April 6, 1954]

WHEN we realize that these mothers come in small groups from various, and in some cases distant, parts of the Church, and have had only one or possibly two opportunities to practice as a group, we marvel at the expression and inspiration that Sister Madsen succeeds in bringing out of this wonderful Singing Mothers organization.

An Appreciation to Florence Jepperson Madsen

Vida F. Swenson

How priceless—those rehearsals! What a privilege we have had
To learn to sing together. Sister Madsen, we are glad
That you have come among us here in this great latter-day
To bless us with your leadership, in your most special way.

That precious instrument, the voice, can lovely be—or queer.
We're sure at times disturbing sounds, in discord, reached your ear.
The title, Dr. Madsen, is appropriate, indeed.
You know just how to cure our ills and help us to succeed.
Directions you give clearly; and your method is unique.
We can't help knowing what to do whenever these words you speak:
"Relax your jaw; don't punch each word; get quickly to the vowel.
Don't spread the e; look pleasant; you're not happy, if you scowl.
And sing the message, not just words. You've much improvement shown!
Just solo voices take those parts and sound just like one voice.
Now get your breath right under it. That combination's choice.
Just pantomime uncertain notes; the audience can't tell.
To spoil it, it just takes one voice, so mark your copies well.
Drive carefully; and do keep well; and a good breakfast eat.
Leave early so you'll be on time. Let's all be kind and sweet."
Your patience was unlimited; your helpfulness, supreme.
The type of singing you produce surpasses any dream.
Unselfishly you've shared with us your time and talents, too.
And we regret the time's so short that we can spend with you.
We're grateful for the full support your husband's freely shown.
Yes, Dr. Franklin Madsen, your devotion's truly known.
To those who've played the organ or piano faithfully,
We say a hearty "Thank you!" You responded cheerfully.
Dear Sister Madsen, we are proud when you step to your place
To lead us Singing Mothers; and we read your radiant face.
Though uttering not a single word, you speak; and we all stand,
Responding to the message of your trained and guided hand.
To feel the spirit of the song, we need but watch your face
That mirrors each directive act performed with skill and grace.
We sing the glorious hymns of praise, inspired through leadership
That thrills us to our very souls and holds us in its grip.
We catch the meaning of the words that are to music set,
And feel a thrill of ecstasy we never shall forget.

God bless you, Sister Madsen; may your life be sweet and long,
That other added thousands may participate in song
Because of your great leadership, so humble and sincere.
May joy be yours as joy you've given, through each succeeding year.

Something Blue

Sylvia Probst Young

FROM her front porch rocking chair Susie McCarthy watched the summer twilight enfolding her valley in its gentle arms. Down in the pasture a frog concert had started, and from overhead the white eye of a star looked down. Summer twilight—how many times she had watched it from this old porch, how many times in the last fifty years! Fifty years—a smile lighted her wrinkled face. Was it possible that fifty years had come and gone? She looked down at Will resting on the steps, his graying head against the porch post. Will McCarthy—seventy-five. His hair had been raven black and his eyes bright and sparkling fifty years ago when he had brought her here as a bride.

Funny, she thought, but wonderful, too, that I love him more now than I did then. What a long time ago that was, and how much a body learns in fifty years.

From the steps Will McCarthy spoke without turning his head, "It's been a good day, Mother, a wonderful day. Did you think when I brought you here, Susie girl, that we'd live to see this day?"

Susie shook her head. "I was too busy hoping you'd get me into the house without letting me fall to worry about what I'd be or not be doing in fifty years."

"Yes, I guess you were," Will laughed, and turned to look at her. "Fifty years," he mused, "For the most part it's been good, too. . . . You say Nina took her boys to the show — and Marian? Out with Howard, I guess."

Susie said nothing. Rocking gently back and forth, she was busy with her thoughts. Fifty years held so much to remember. She had come here as a bride to this big rock house, and in all that time she had never lived anywhere else. The house, the meadows, the orchard, the farm fields—here she had lived and laughed and worked and suffered, with Will always by her side. And she had come to know his every like and dislike; she could almost always tell what he was going to say before he said it. Together, they had saved and struggled to buy the "south forty." She had hepled him plant the raspberries and set out the orchard trees. She had even helped shingle the barn. Will had helped her raise a flock of chickens and plant a garden each year.

Not only once, but several times they had papered each room in the house. Their house that echoed with so many tender memories. In the big, north bedroom every one of her six children had been born, and there one baby girl had died. How many meals the seven of them had eaten together in the kitchen or, when there was company, in the dining room. How many songs they had sung around the organ in the front room. The organ was squeaky and out of tune now, and of course it was out of style, so they had moved it to one of the upstair bedrooms. Still, sometimes she played it just for old time's sake, and Will would listen or sometimes even sing.

The organ had been a favorite thing. Carol had played it, but that

was years ago. Carol had been dead twenty years come September, she had died when Marian was born.

MARIAN—Susie smiled, thinking of her. She had lived here with them since her birth. How well she remembered bringing Marian home from the hospital—a tiny, blue-eyed girl. She had filled the house with sunshine and laughter when Susie's boys and Nina had gone to homes of their own. It was like having her own children back again reading Bible stories to Marian, helping her to make the Christmas cookies, tiptoeing to her bedside in the stillness of the night.

"Almost feel like going to bed, Mother," Will interrupted her thinking. "I want to help Tom get the rest of the hay up tomorrow, and I'm not as young as I used to be."

"But you act like it," Susie scolded. "The way you work a body wouldn't believe you were seventy-five."

Still she was proud of him. The way he could do a day's work, the way he rode a saddle horse, as effortless as a young man. Tom was buying their farm, but Will was not content until he had helped with every chore the way he had always done.

"Seventy-five," Will repeated, "guess I'm getting old. But it's been a good day, a real good day. Don't you think so, Mother?"

It had been a beautiful day, a day of a lifetime. Nina had driven in from California with her two boys last week, and yesterday Mark and Walter and their families had come.

"It's an event, Mother," Nina had said, "you and Dad together fifty years. I came up especially for a celebration, and that's what we're going to have—open house for everybody in town."

Marian was all enthusiasm. "Oh, Gran, it's wonderful. All the roses are out, we can have your party outside. You and Gramp on the bench under the maple tree. Won't it be fun?" And Marian had caught hold of her grandmother and danced her around the room.

Marian was bubbling over with happiness these days because Howard was home. He had been in Korea for almost a year, but now he was back with a thirty-day leave, the end of which was drawing near. Susie didn't like to think of his going again. They all liked him so much. "He's just right for our Marian," Will had always said. Howard's folks had lived neighbors to them since Howard was a small boy. They had grown up together, Marian and he.

"We had better drive into town," Nina had decided. "We want printed invitations and a few things we can't get around here."

Of course Marian and Howard would drive to the city with Nina, but Susie couldn't understand why Will went along. "You'll be all tuckered out trying to keep up with these young folks," she said.

Will had laughed at that. "I could beat any of them in a foot race," he told her.

THEN, this morning, she had learned Will's particular reason for going to the city—this morning on their fiftieth wedding anniversary. When they were all seated around the breakfast table, Will had gone into the bedroom. He had re-

turned carrying a small package and beaming like a school boy.

"For you, Mother," he had said, bending down to embrace her.

Susie had opened it with trembling fingers, while her eager family watched. There in the little velvet box was a sparkling sapphire on a thin gold chain—a sapphire necklace, a replica of the one Will had given her fifty years ago, the one she had lost. But this one looks bigger and more beautiful, she thought. Quick tears came to her eyes.

"Oh, Will, whatever made you remember?" she whispered.

"I remembered for him," Nina spoke up. "And I knew he could afford it now."

Yes, he could afford it now, though it must have cost him a pretty penny. Blue had always been her favorite color, and he knew it. How many pairs of blue felt slippers he had given her through the years. But a sapphire necklace—sapphire was her birthstone, too. Will had bought her a sapphire necklace for a wedding gift. She had worn it on her wedding day and once more, only once more to a dance in the social hall. Somehow she had lost it at the dance. She remembered how she had cried, and how they had gone back and searched everywhere in the hall and asked folks all around. But the necklace stayed lost.

Will had put his arms around her, comforting. "I'll buy you another one on our first anniversary," he had promised.

Walter was born a few days before their first anniversary, and the years that followed brought more children and doctor bills, and the sacrifice and struggle to pay off the farm. Anniversaries came and went, sometimes Will even forgot them. But Susie never quite forgot the necklace, for whenever she saw a shining, blue sapphire in a jeweler's window she had to stop and look at it with a wistfulness in her eyes.

Now, after all these years, Will had bought her a necklace once more, as he had promised to do.

"Try it on, Gran," Marian had cried.

She had lifted it from the box, but her hands had been trembling. With deft fingers Nina had reached for the golden chain and clasped it around her neck.

"Isn't it beautiful?" they said.

Susie turned to Will, she thought his eyes were misted, but he had been smiling at her.

"I'll have to see how I look," she had told them.

In front of her bedroom mirror, Susie had looked at herself for a long moment. The sparkling blue of the sapphire stood out with marked contrast against the drab brown of her wrinkled neck. For some reason, it didn't look just right. Funny how she would have treasured it years ago, but now she was seventy, and values were different.

"It was meant for a queen," she told them, "not for an old lady like me."

To which they had objected strongly, but all through the day she couldn't help feeling a bit uncomfortable. Everyone commented on her beautiful necklace. Once or twice she heard Nina telling someone about it, and she couldn't help thinking that the neighbors might

think that the McCarthys were trying to "put on the dog."

NOW the day was over. Yes, it had been a perfect day; a day of roses and wedding cake, of sunshine and gaiety, with Will and her as guests of honor. So many people had called, friends, relatives, and neighbors—quite a few of them from out of town. All of the children had been home, and their children with them.

"A pink-lemonade day," Marian had said. Anything she especially liked was always pink lemonade for Marian.

"A pink-lemonade day," Susie said aloud.

"What—what did you say, Susie?"

"It's been a lovely day, Will.

"Yes," he nodded. "The Lord's been good to us, Susie girl. Think I'll go to bed for sure now." He yawned loudly and stretched out his arms.

Just then a car drove up. "Couldn't be Nina back this early." Susie peered out into the darkness. No, it was Marian and Howard. What could be bringing them home now?

A lilt of young laughter and the murmur of their voices floated up to the porch. "That you, Gran?" Marian called. They came up the path arm in arm.

"What's bringing you lovebirds back?" Will teased.

"That, my dear Grandfather, is what we came to tell you." Marian's voice was like music.

They sat down on the porch swing, and, suddenly, Susie felt that she knew what they were going to say. Will guessed it, too, and he put it into words.

"You want to get married," he said.

"But Gramp, how did you know?"

"That, my dear Marian, was shining out of your eyes right out of the darkness," Will told her.

"You're right, Gramp. We want to get married, now before Howard goes." Marian's voice had grown quite serious. "I guess today made us decide, seeing you and Gran together like you were. You didn't wait until you could afford to get married, until everything in the world was just right."

"But, Marian," Susie spoke up, "you wanted a big reception. You should have planned it when Howard first got home, there wouldn't be time now."

"None of that matters, Gran, I just want to go to the temple and then be with Howard, wherever he is."

"And I want her with me," Howard's voice came strong and clear, without diffidence. "And we're not afraid of anything the future might bring as long as we're together."

"Well if that's what you want," Will told them, "then you have our blessing."

FRIDAY, June twenty-third, was a beautiful sunny day especially made for a wedding. In the big McCarthy farmhouse folks had been up since dawn getting ready for Marian and Howard to go to the temple. Marian and Howard—children yesterday, today getting married. They would know hardships and uncertainty. It might be a year or even longer before they could settle down in a permanent home of their own. But Susie McCarthy knew that if two people loved each

other there was no obstacle they could not surmount, and for Marian and Howard she had no misgivings.

Later, in the upstairs bedroom just before the small reception, Marian stood in front of the old walnut dresser mirror while Nina finished buttoning the white satin dress, and Susie looked with admiration at this sweet young granddaughter wearing the dress that she herself had worn.

"Doesn't she look beautiful, Mother?" Nina stepped back and carefully eyed her niece. "I'd say everything's just perfect, the dress fits as if it had been made for her. You're lucky, Marian, I was too big to wear it. For you it's just right."

"Just right," Susie agreed.

It was a beautiful dress—heavy, white satin, with a princess neckline, long tapering sleeves, and a full flared skirt with a train. Fifty years ago she had been the bride in this same dress. Susie looked at Marian. Was everything as it should be? Suddenly she smiled.

Something old, she said half to herself, something new—something borrowed — something blue. The dress is old, the veil, new, the petticoat, borrowed from Howard's sister —something blue?

"Marian, you haven't anything blue, dear," she spoke aloud.

"Oh, Gran, I forgot! But I must have something blue. What could I wear that is blue, Gran?"

For a moment Susie said nothing, then she smiled. "I know exactly," she said. "Wait."

WHEN she came back she was carrying a small velvet box. Nina opened her mouth to say something, but she didn't say it. From the box Susie took a shining blue sapphire on a thin golden chain, and with firm fingers she clasped it around the fair young neck of the bride.

Marian gasped, "No Gran, no. it's your wedding gift."

Susie smiled, "It's a bride's necklace, dear, a very young bride. I wore such a necklace, so shall you."

In a few short hours the reception was over. Friends and relatives had greeted the new Mrs. Howard Saunders. She would follow him to army camps and share his life . . . for time and all eternity.

The next day Susie thought the big, old house seemed unusually quiet. Nina and her boys had left, too, right after breakfast.

"End of another beautiful day," she said, smiling at Will.

Will nodded. "The necklace looked beautiful on her, Susie. I had a present for you before Nina ever came," he confessed, "got it over at Barker's, but Nina said it was no kind of a gift for a fiftieth wedding anniversary."

"Where is it, Will?"

Will went to the bedroom and came back with a shoe box. "Here," he said. "You've always liked this kind."

Susie smiled—blue felt house slippers. A sudden feeling of joy and peace filled her heart. All of the good things had been hers with Will McCarthy these fifty years—all of the beautiful things that only a love such as theirs could know.

"Just what I needed, Will," she said, slipping her feet into the new, blue slippers, "just what I needed."

Hulda Peterson, Homemaker and Musician

HULDA Peterson, sixty-nine, of Summit, Utah, has developed many useful and artistic hobbies — and all of them have helped to make her an exemplary homemaker and an enthusiastic and valuable worker in the organizations of the Church.

Sister Peterson's principal hobby is piecing and making quilts, but she also braids and weaves rugs, does all kinds of needlework, embroidery, applique, crocheted doilies, crocheted edges, and many other types of exquisite handwork. Widowed as a young woman, she became a practical nurse and made a living for her four children. She now raises her own vegetables and fruit and cares for many flowers. She has eleven grandchildren, and entertains the smaller ones by teaching them songs.

At an early age Sister Peterson was a teacher in Primary and acted as organist at the same time. She also played the organ in MIA meetings and in sacrament meetings. Later, she became Primary president in the Santa Clara Ward, which position she again held after moving to Summit. After this service she was appointed a member of the Parowan Stake Primary Board. She is now a teacher in Primary. She has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for forty years and has played the organ for many Relief Society meetings. Hobbies and Church service have made her life happy and useful and have been a means of giving much joy to her family and her friends.

Rain Song

Verda Mackay

Laughing rain in silver tatters
Streaks the windowpane and patters
Out a harmonizing, merrymaking tune.
It would seem that nothing matters
To a rain that spanks and spatters
All the puddles it creates one afternoon.

Hal Rumel

TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE C. WILLIAMS

A Different Kind of Bridal Shower

Helen S. Williams

A bride-to-be, a party, the fun of giving a present (different yet useful!) — why any one of the above subjects is excuse enough for a party, but what would be nicer than a kitchen shower for a sweet bride-to-be?

There have been all kinds of kitchen showers, but Florence Williams decided this one was going to be different. First she found a branch of a scrub oak and sprayed it with bright yellow paint. It was planted securely in a solid foundation of plaster of Paris.

Instead of flowers, her yellow oak tree blossomed with copper "Chore Girls," dozens of them.

The tree was placed in a copper jardiniere which had been filled with moss and greens. Scattered here and there on the table were chore girls, as if a little breeze had blown them down to rest on the pretty yellow cloth with its white embroidery inserts.

Sentinels made of wooden-handled stirrers marked the places for each invited guest. Their bow ties were made of stiff white paper, and perky little chef hats made of crepe paper and banded with stiff white paper reposed jauntily above the smiling faces. The eyes, nose, and mouth on each had been done with poster paint.

The guests spent the afternoon embroidering dish towels and hemming dust cloths. Each had been asked to bring along with her kitchen shower gift for the bride, a favorite condiment with a recipe in which to use it. These were all placed in a clothes basket, which was the gift from the hostess, and presented to the guest of honor after lunch.

This kitchen shower was unique and all of the guests had a delightful time.

Neighbors

Vilate R. McAllister

Arms folded, shoulders touching, row on row,
Erect and proud, the city dwellings stand—
Across the acres country homes reach out
On either side, a friendly, clasping hand.

ERRATA

MAGAZINE HONOR ROLL

In the *Magazine* Honor Roll for 1953, printed in the May issue, a mistake was made in listing the *Magazine* representative for the New England Mission. The name of Carol Clark, Mission Auxiliary Secretary, was given instead of the name of Hattie B. Maughan, President, New England Mission Relief Society. The New England Mission received third highest rating among the missions and is to be congratulated upon its record of ninety-five per cent.

SAFE METHOD OF FREEZING CORN

Attention has been called to the inadvisability of following the method for freezing corn which appeared in the article "Gardening for the Home Freezer," April 1954, page 255. We are advised that the Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics definitely does not recommend freezing corn without husking or scalding. Miss Elna Miller, Extension Service Nutritionist, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah, recommends that corn to be stored in the freezer should be husked, placed in boiling water, and boiled for seven to ten minutes for corn which is to be left on the cob. If corn is to be cut from the cob, a four-minute boiling period only is necessary. In both cases the corn should be cooled before placing in the freezer.

Housecleaning Nostalgia

Vernessa M. Nagle

ALMOST as though it were yesterday, the memories are crowding in—spring housecleaning time! No "lick and a promise" for that enterprise. Undertaken with the vehemence of a crusader, it swept its way from pantry to garret, and there was no retreating once the project was launched. Down came the base-burner; stovepipes were desooted; flues cleaned; the heaters and accessories stored for the summer. Up came the rag carpet, and the straw padding, pulverized and dusty, was carried away in tubs. Almost simultaneously the newly scrubbed floors were scattered with fresh straw. Again the carpets, shaken and rigorously beaten, were stretched over the straw padding, and the family walked, literally, again on air. Remember?

A new "design," a combination stripe, scroll, and floral pattern wallpaper replaced the former faded prints, and again the wainscot gleamed with a new paint coat. From the beds disappeared the straw ticks, emptied, scrubbed on the washboard, left to whip in the breeze until dry, then rushed down to the strawstack to be once more inflated with fresh, pungent, taffy-colored straw, and back to the beds before the dampness of sundown. The made-up bed, with freshly laundered comforters and clean feather pillows, was an invitation to luxury, provided one could ascend its new heights.

With the laundered, stretched, and freshly tinted glass curtains up again, the house took on the aspects of prim civility. And then the housecleaning siege reached the grand finale—the fumigation stage. Sulphur fumes spelled disaster to any lingering germs that had escaped the scrubbing process.

This procedure may be passe, but the memories of the "parlor" furniture on the front stoop, home-woven carpets draped across the clothesline, with every member of the family taking a "beating" turn, still give to one of those participants a pardonable, yet subtle feeling of accomplishment that today's more methodical, labor-saving methods seem unable to accomplish.

Pilgrimage

Ida Isaacson

I have been on a pilgrimage,
And would you ask me where?
It has been to the home of a daughter
To help her and to share
The joy of being at a crib-side
And to watch the hours unfold—
Be a part of the sweetest story
That has ever yet been told.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Luella C. Ricks

TACOMA STAKE (WASHINGTON), TACOMA FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL
March 17, 1954

Left to right: Secretary Anona Ingalls; First Counselor Rosella Seal; President Bessie Groom; Second Counselor Lillie Parrish.

At this social, historical events in the lives of the general presidents of Relief Society were presented by the former presidents of the ward Relief Society. The program was followed by a luncheon and dancing, with the husbands of the Relief Society members as guests. A gaily decorated birthday cake made a beautiful centerpiece for the table, which was decorated in the Relief Society colors, blue and gold.

Luella C. Ricks is president of Tacoma Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Marion Pinkston

LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), HOLLYWOOD WARD SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, seated, left to right: Phyllis Sorber; Jeanne Marsh; Ruth Bishop; Betty Jacquet; Elva Anderson; Velma Dethloff, Dorothy Bacon; Emmeline Judd; Sloan Nibley; Stella Thompson; Mina Neilson; Lola Tanner; Ruth Fox; Ruth Regan; Johanna O'Connell; Ruth Douglas.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lupe Lavell; Nelda Kelson; Nellie Lehr; Edith Kay; Veda Boothe; Magda Andreasen; Kathryn Webb; Agnes Campbell; Zoan Bean; Rose Halling; Opal Powell; Adelaide Clark; Jean Sterns; Thelma Knowles; Ella McDonald; Elinore Curtis; Gertrude West; Isabell Smith; Sarah Simmons.

Marion Pinkston is president of Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mima C. Hainsworth

PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, December 6, 1953

Mima C. Hainsworth, President, Portland Stake Relief Society, stands in the second row, second from the left; Louise Howell, Secretary, stands fourth from the left in the second row; Counselor Veata Webster stands at the left in the third row; Myrtle Shirts, chorister, stands sixth from the left in the front row; Mary Smith, organist, at the right in the front row.

Photograph submitted by LaPriel White

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, WEST TEXAS DISTRICT
ABILENE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, seated, left to right: Dorothy Kelly; Addie Hopkins, Second Counselor; Lola Graham, President; Patricia Jones, First Counselor; Jessie Ghormley.

Back row, standing, left to right: June Brooks; Mattie Barber; Shirley Reynolds; Fern Duckworth; Ivy Tally; Greta Long; Claudette Stamps.

Phyllis D. Smith, President, Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society, reports that the women in this picture represent the total membership of the Abilene Branch Relief Society. The picture was taken on the day this organization held their first bazaar.

Photograph submitted by Rula E. Frank

SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD THIRD WARD VISITING TEACHERS
WHO HAVE ACHIEVED ONE HUNDRED PER CENT FOR
THE PAST THREE YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: President Elna C. Black; First Counselor Jessie B. Poulson; Second Counselor Mada Hansen; Secretary-Treasurer Agnes Hopkins.

Second row, standing at the left, visiting teacher message leader Luella Nelson.

Ivy C. Ashby is president of Sevier Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Gladys B. Carmack

SANTA BARBARA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, March 14, 1954

Gladys B. Carmack, President, Santa Barbara Stake Relief Society, stands next to the right on the third row; Ruth Wimer, chorister, is seated at the right in the front row; Myral G. Clark, assistant stake organist, stands at the right in the third row.

Photograph submitted by Mildred E. Hansen

FRANKLIN STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Front row, seated, left to right: Josie Condie, social science class leader; Mildred Oliverson, chorister; Audrey B. Hansen, Second Counselor; Matilda B. Gilbert, President; Nellie B. Brenchley, First Counselor; Mildred C. Hansen, Secretary-Treasurer; LaDawn Hendricks, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Nettie Nielson, visiting teacher message leader; Rhonda Poole, literature class leader; Lucretia Maughan, work director; Phyllis Kingsford, *Magazine* representative; Hazel Winger, theology class leader.

Elly Jensen, standing at the right, has received a special assignment from the stake board.

Photograph submitted by Thora Y. Larsen

SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), FOURTEENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR TWO YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Emma J. Williams; Beata J. Howes; Anna M. Hamilton; Annie H. Erickson; Mary B. Jensen, First Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Thora Y. Larsen, President; Ida Sessions, visiting teacher supervisor; Charlotte Skidmore; Gardena A. Baird; Anna Oakden; Willie B. Golsan; Mary A. Kirkham; Armenia Kynaston, Second Counselor.

These women, whose ages range from seventy-one to eighty-seven years (except for Sister Larsen), have served in their callings faithfully to achieve a one hundred per cent record in their districts. Sister Hamilton is an Indian Relief Society member. Sister Williams is the mother of Mary J. Wilson, a member of the general board of Relief Society.

Marjorie M. Ward is president of Salt Lake Stake Relief Society.

Pasture Lot

Grace Barker Wilson

This corner of the pasture used to be
Of smooth green velvet, hemmed by a pole fence
To keep sleek mares. I had not thought to see
The years could make so great a difference.

Now only brambles grow to make a place
Fit for a cottontail to hide. Here all
Else is deserted. Fence poles, for a space,
Shine silver, and wild hollyhocks grow tall.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Teaching Aids for the 1954–55 Lessons

Edith S. Elliott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE material for the 1954-55 Relief Society lessons lends itself to various types of teaching aids. The general board offers the following suggestions and ideas to help the class leaders present the maximum in teaching perfection. The class leaders must use good judgment in their selections.

Audio-visual aids are nothing more than ways and means to clarify a point, stimulate thinking, save time and words, emphasize, and remind.

Unless an audio-visual device furthers the lesson importance and interest, it will confuse and clutter and should not be used. Teachers should be absolutely ruthless in the selection of lesson helps. A few "straight-to-the-point" aids add enrichment to a topic, while too many half-hearted ones detract from the message and weary the class members.

We desire to refer you to two excellent articles published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, written by Leone G. Layton, a member of the general board: "The Value and Use of Audio Visual Aids in Relief Society," January 1953, page 27; and "Suggestions on Teaching Aids for the 1953-54 Lessons," June 1953, page 418.

The following articles will be helpful:

"Why Use Films," by Henry Aldous Dixon, *The Instructor*, September 1952, page 310.

"Mount Your Pictures," by Claribel W. Aldous, *The Instructor*, March 1953, page 88.

"Making and Operating a Hectograph," by Hazel West Lewis, *The Instructor*, April 1953, page 119.

"Using Pictures in Teaching," by Marion G. Merkley, *The Instructor*, September 1952, page 266.

"Teaching Techniques," by Claribel W. Aldous and Inez Witbeck, *Convention Instructor*, 1953.

All of the above are on sale at the Deseret Sunday School Union, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, at twenty cents a copy.

Many colleges and universities have audio-visual aids departments, with large stocks of material for

rent. We advise stake leaders to acquaint themselves with the aids from these sources.

By way of review for some, or as new material for others, the following general list of items and equipment that will help to dress up the lessons and add sparkle to their presentation is submitted:

Posting charts
Blackboards
Whiteboards
Bulletin boards
Flannel boards
Railway cardboard
Poster board
Large sheets of butcher p
Poster paints
Crayons (regular)
Large shipping crayons
Water colors
Colored pencils
Colored ink
Colored wax pencils
Colored chalk
Felt pen
Stick figure charts
Growing charts
Charts in general
Maps
Graphs
Pictures—large as possible
Cartoons
Tear sheets—magazine and newspaper
Projection screen
Films and projector for same
Slides and slide projector
Opaque projector
Hectograph
Records and record player
Thumb tacks
Scotch tape
Sticky tabs

This is by no means a complete list, but will serve to give you some ideas.

May we caution you to be careful not to mar the walls of our meetinghouses in displaying any of the teaching aids? Large display or bulletin boards can be used for background for any materials requiring thumb tacks or Scotch tape.

Do not think you must try out all of the suggestions in this listing. Choose the ones that will make your topic the most meaningful. Preparation is so important. See that your aid is neat, suited for adults, clear, large enough to meet the needs of the size of the audience, and definitely to the point. May we add that a spark of humor, when appropriate, is wonderfully refreshing.

We suggest that the objective of each lesson be displayed prominently on a blackboard or bulletin board. This will keep the class members reminded of it and serve as a constant reminder and guide to the class leader.

Theology Lessons

Place the lesson objective on the blackboard or display it in some prominent place.

For our Book of Mormon course of study we can still obtain valuable help from the Reynolds chart and the growing chart. The latter may be mere character listings or characters listed with a very short identification following each name.

Do not attempt to use maps, because we do not know where the detailed Book of Mormon activities took place. Remember, this is not a course in geography. We are making a study of the great characters and their teachings which will aid us in either gaining or furthering our testimonies of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Primary Association is publishing more of The Book of Mormon pictures by Arnold Friberg, in *The Children's Friend*. They are

admirably suited to our lessons, and will be: "Ammon Defends the Flocks of King Lamoni," March 1954; "Helaman Leads an Army of Two Thousand Ammonite Youths," April 1954; "General Moroni," January 1955.

Visiting Teaching

For those who are not at home in their districts the visiting teachers can leave a visual aid. Write the objective and its scriptural source on the back of the "Notice of Visit" slip. Leave it in a safe place, so that the family may know not only that a call has been made, but that there is a lesson thought which may be pursued in the home.

Work Meeting

The lessons for the work meeting for 1954-55 are titled "Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment." Appliance departments in stores will have quantities of literature which can be used for visual aids. Home economics departments of colleges and universities have good suggestions that are valuable to homemakers.

Watch for pertinent articles suitable for this course in local and national magazines.

Literature Lessons

Place the lesson objective on the blackboard or display it in some prominent place.

Teaching aids for Victorian literature are almost limitless. The Perry Pictures may be secured in several sizes. Their catalogue may be obtained by stake leaders by writing The Perry Pictures, Incorporated, Malden, Massachusetts.

There are many book and magazine illustrations that will add interest to the lessons. The marginal sketches in our literature textbook can be enlarged and used to advantage. The book entitled *Literary England*, by David E. Scherman and Richard Wilcox, published by Random House, has many beautiful scenes concerning the period of our study. Films and recordings are accessible and help to create atmosphere of the period. The lesson previews are appearing far enough in advance to acquaint the class leaders with the year's course of study, so that they may be alert to radio, television, and motion picture programs which will greatly enhance their lessons.

Social Science Lessons

Place the lesson objective on the blackboard or display it in some prominent place.

For the 1954-55 social science lessons, class leaders will be delighted with the visual aids found in one of our texts, *Your Rugged Constitution*. The illustrations are simple, direct, informative, and entertaining. Class leaders may desire to enlarge some of the pertinent pictorial information so that the whole class may enjoy and learn from it.

May we remind you of the portraits and short sketches of the signers of the Constitution found in *The Relief Society Magazine* for October 1953, page 649. Also, the graphs and charts to be found in both high school and college textbooks on United States history or United States Government and political science will be helpful.

Parchment copies suitable for framing of "The Declaration of Independence," "The Constitution of the United States," and the "Bill of Rights" are available at $1.00 a set (3 Documents of Freedom) from Jeff Elliot Craftsmen, Station C, Flushing 67, New York.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Preview of Lessons for 1954-55

Elder Leland H. Monson

AS previously pointed out, the course of lessons "Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon" has been prepared for the purpose of encouraging the Relief Society members to read and study the book. The textbook of instruction is The Book of Mormon, our new witness for the divinity of Jesus Christ.

The Book of Mormon contains many characters who looked forward with intense faith to the coming of the Son of Man in the meridian of time. Among these characters stands Alma, one of the great missionaries in the history of the Nephite civilization. Talking to the people of Gideon, Alma defined what we mean by the divinity of Christ, saying:

> . . . he shall be born of Mary, at Jerusalem which is the land of our forefathers, she being a virgin, a precious and chosen vessel, who shall be overshadowed and conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring forth a son, yea, even the Son of God (Alma 7:10).

Jesus, according to Alma, was to have a mortal mother, from whom he inherited the capacity to die; and an immortal father, from whom he inherited the power to overcome death. Jesus became the Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh.

This concept of the divinity of Christ is all important to Mormonism, for it gives to mankind an authoritative message. The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount become, not man's gift to civilization, but God's gift. Only such an authoritative message possesses the urgency and power to activate the lives of men and women.

No woman can prayerfully study the work of Alma and of his brethren, Amulek, Ammon, Aaron, Omni, and Himner, without having her faith in Jesus Christ kindled and strengthened. Alma defines clearly and definitely how faith is developed and nourished. A careful study of Alma, chapter 32, by each class leader before beginning this year's course will serve to help each one to teach faith-promoting lessons. This should be the aim of each class leader.

The doctrines and messages which Alma and his brethren gave to the people are fundamental concepts of the gospel as we know it today. These principles should be thoroughly studied. A knowledge of them will help us to understand the men who accepted and taught them.

The lessons for this year cover the period just preceding the coming of Christ to the people on this continent. In our study of them, we shall see many fascinating and dramatic scenes depicting the faith of the characters who guided the destiny of the Nephite civilization during this crucial period.

Class leaders should strive to make these characters and incidents live long in the memories of their class members. Narratives of specific battles should receive emphasis only as they serve to reveal the characters of the men who engaged in them.

In the first lesson, the class leader should make certain that she connects the lessons of this year with the last lesson given the previous spring, in order that the narrative continuity of The Book of Mormon will be clear.

The reading text for the year is from Alma 9 through Alma 63. To receive credit in the reading project of The Book of Mormon, a sister must read these chapters during the year in which these lessons are studied.

The titles and objectives for our lessons this year are as follows:

Lesson 25. *Alma and Amulek* (Alma, chapters 9-16)

Objective: To show how Alma and Amulek, in preaching repentance to the inhabitants of Ammonihah, were sustained by the Lord.

Lesson 26. *Missionary Activity of Ammon* (Alma, chapters 17-20; 21:18-23)

Objective: To show the change which takes place in the souls of men when the light of the gospel enters.

Lesson 27. *Missions of Other Sons of Mosiah* (Alma, chapter 21:1-8; chapters 22-28)

Objective: To show the results of exercising faith in one's self, faith in a people, and faith in one's God.

Lesson 28. *Further Teachings of Alma and Amulek* (Alma, chapters 29-35)

Objective: To show the great influence of prayer and repentance in changing the lives of people.

Lesson 29. *Instructions of Alma to His Sons* (Alma, chapters 36-42)

Objective: To show how Alma's admonitions to his sons emphasize that only through keeping the commandments of God can we achieve happiness in this life and joy in the world to come.

Lesson 30. *Moroni and the Nephite Armies Serve Their Country and Their Church* (Alma, chapters 43-49)

Objective: To show that the Lord will not suffer his people to be destroyed, if they remain righteous and uphold the truth.

Lesson 31. *Helaman, Son of Alma, And His Two Thousand Sons* (Alma, chapters 50-58)

Objective: To show the power of mothers in teaching their children to obey the commandments and not to doubt, but to put their faith in the Lord for their preservation.

Lesson 32. *Peace Comes to the Nephites Through Righteousness* (Alma, chapters 59-63)

Objective: To show the necessity of maintaining righteousness within a country in order to withstand the enemies without.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Preview of Lessons for 1954-55

Leone O. Jacobs

THE series "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth" will be continued during 1954-55 and will, as previously, deal with the portion of The Book of Mormon covered by the theology department (Alma, chapter 9 through Alma 63). Many of life's most profitable lessons are to be found within this book of scripture. Some of these lessons will be used by the visiting teachers this year as topics for discussion in the homes they visit.

The Book of Alma, comprising sixty-three chapters, is the longest book in The Book of Mormon. It contributes enlightenment on many gospel subjects and offers practical advice which can be incorporated into our lives today. This is the purpose of these messages—to encourage Latter-day Saints to put into practice in their lives the topics discussed.

Alma was one of the greatest missionaries in Book of Mormon history. He has been compared to Paul, the apostle, in regard to the miraculous manner of his conversion and the zeal which he exhibited in teaching and defending the gospel of Christ.

The passages selected include the words of Alma and of three other men of great faith, Amulek, Ammon, and Pahoran, whose words express in a sincere and appealing way their desire to serve the Lord and bring souls to repentance.

The general board again urges visiting teachers to commit these quotations to memory, so that they may be discussed in the homes with greater ease. It is recommended that the sisters in the homes be drawn into the conversation whenever possible. If they participate with ideas and experiences of their own, the visits will prove more profitable.

It is suggested that visiting teachers write on the back of "Notice of Visit" slips (left when the family is not at home) a notation giving the respective objective and scripture reference for the visiting teacher message of the month.

The messages and their objectives for the eight months follow:

Lesson 25. "*Now My Brethren, We See That God Is Mindful of Every People, Whatsoever Land They May Be in; Yea, He Numbereth His People, and His Bowels of Mercy Are Over All the Earth . . .*" (Alma 26:37).

> Objective: To assure us that God watches over all his children.

Lesson 26. "*But If Ye Will Nourish the Word, Yea, Nourish the Tree as It Beginneth to Grow, by Your Faith With Great Diligence, and With Patience, Looking Forward to the Fruit Thereof, It Shall Take Root; and Behold It Shall Be a Tree Springing Up Unto Everlasting Life*" (Alma 32:41).

Objective: To point out that faith and great diligence are required in order to gain life everlasting.

Lesson 27. *"For Behold, This Life Is the Time for Men to Prepare to Meet God; Yea, Behold the Day of This Life Is the Day for Men to Perform Their Labors"* (Alma 34:32).

Objective: To stress the necessity of working out our salvation here and now, in mortality.

Lesson 28. *". . . For That Same Spirit Which Doth Possess Your Bodies at the Time That Ye Go Out of This Life, That Same Spirit Will Have Power to Possess Your Body in That Eternal World"* (Alma 34:34).

Objective: To point out that whatever spirit possesses our bodies in this life will be with us after death.

Lesson 29. *". . . For Just as Surely as This Director Did Bring Our Fathers, by Following Its Course, to the Promised Land, Shall the Words of Christ, If We Follow Their Course, Carry Us Beyond This Vale of Sorrow into a Far Better Land of Promise"* (Alma 37:45).

Objective: To point out that everyone has the power within himself to reach "the land of promise" by living by the words of Christ.

Lesson 30. *". . . As Ye Have Begun to Teach the Word Even So I Would That Ye Should Continue to Teach . . . . Use Boldness, But Not Overbearance; and Also See That Ye Bridle All Your Passions, That Ye May Be Filled with Love . . ."* (Alma 38:10, 12).

Objective: To show the need of being courageous in teaching the word of God and being filled with love.

Lesson 31. *"For That Which Ye Do Send Out Shall Return Unto You Again, and Be Restored . . ."* (Alma 41:15).

Objective: To lend incentive to the performance of good deeds.

Lesson 32. *". . . My Soul Standeth Fast in That Liberty in the Which God Hath Made Us Free"* (Alma 61:9).

Objective: To show that we must hold fast to that God-given liberty which ensures our freedom.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Preview of Lessons for 1954-55

Rhea H. Gardner

THE mismanagement of family finance has repeatedly been given as the most common cause of marital discord. The majority of homemakers, especially in their early years, find it to be their most difficult problem.

To make a mistake in buying a gadget may not be too serious, unless it is repeated frequently. How-

ever, as the dollar investment increases, such waste becomes truly significant. Because most of us are confronted rather frequently with decisions in making a choice of some piece of household equipment, a course of study dealing with the selection, care, and use of household equipment has been prepared.

Efficient use of equipment includes the correct selection, arrangement, operation, and care of each appliance, so that the homemaker and her helpers may accomplish the maximum amount of work with the minimum amount of effort in the shortest possible time.

Make the planning of your equipment purchases a family affair. Consider the needs of individuals and the family as a whole. If, before you actually begin shopping for a piece of equipment, you have determined your present and future needs, your ability to pay, and the available space, shopping time will be shortened and later disappointments will be minimized.

The need for giving more serious consideration to the safety features of all equipment is constantly being emphasized, as accidents in the home continue to rise. The National Safety Council reports that in 1955 approximately 5,700 persons died and 850,000 persons were injured in kitchen accidents alone. Kitchens and laundry rooms that are not free from accident hazards are not efficient. These are the rooms wherein most of the largest pieces of electrical equipment are used. Therefore, the first lesson in the current series will deal with safety in the home.

If, as a result of these lessons, you and all members of your family derive more satisfaction from the things you buy for your home, enjoy better health, have more time and energy for the companionship of each other, and reduce home accidents, the main objectives will have been realized. It is also hoped that these objectives will help you receive more value from the dollars you spend for household equipment. Economic values, important as they are to most of us, should be of secondary consideration to human values in presenting the lessons.

Since there is no one textbook that can be recommended for use by class leaders, they are encouraged to seek reliable information from current publications and periodicals to supplement that which will appear in the *Magazine*. An announcement made early in 1954 stated that the advertising budgets of most manufacturers of consumer goods would be increased ten per cent for the current year. This followed an earlier prediction, by persons of competence, that the income of the average family would be smaller than in the year just passed. With stronger appeals being made through each of the many mediums of advertising, consumers must screen, more carefully than ever before, the advertising claims which they see, hear, and read concerning the worth of the goods they buy.

The real value and success of these lessons will come through well-directed discussions and use of visual aids.

The lesson titles for 1954-55 follow:

1. *Home Safety*

2. *Sewing Machines*
3. *Washers and Dryers*
4. *Irons and Ironers*
5. *Ranges*
6. *Home Freezers and Refrigerators*
7. *Vacuums*
8. *Utensils for Surface Cookery*

Literature—Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1954-55

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

ACCORDING to Matthew Arnold, literature is "the best that has been known and thought in the world." Such a definition does not acknowledge barriers of race, sex, place, or time—or we might put it another way by saying that the best is always applicable to the present. This is particularly true in Victorian literature's relationship to our own age: it almost tells us more about ourselves than we might wish to know. But this great similarity only proves anew that those who, in any age, aspire to "see steadily and see it whole" at once achieve, in some degree, a communion with the best.

As you will recall, it was last year that we discussed the so-called "typical" Victorians: Tennyson and Dickens. If we continue further with this "easy" definition of Victorianism, Macaulay is too severely concerned with history and has too disciplined a style to be in the central Victorian tradition; Browning likewise was too intellectual and difficult (besides, he had no reading audience until the end of his life); and Charlotte Bronte admittedly was read by Victorians precisely because her novels differed so widely from accepted patterns of Victorian fiction. Who, then, remain as typical? Tennyson does completely, and Dickens in spots. All the rest, for one reason or another, were un-Victorian writers who happened to write during Queen Victoria's reign.

There is no single label which can be applied collectively to this year's authors. They are as mixed and varied a group as was ever assembled —as various as was the Victorian period itself—and as our own.

Where can one find greater contrast in style, for example, than to go from Carlyle and Ruskin with their lyrical, almost bombastic power; through Christina Rossetti and Emily Bronte, with their mystical intensities; through Lewis Carroll's hilarity to Matthew Arnold's ordered tones, deep and austere? And while George Eliot finds beauty and peace in Nature, Emily Bronte finds, in Nature, terror; Ruskin sees Art in Nature; Carlyle sees Work, and Arnold sees a force less than Man. While Carlyle and Arnold defend the aristocratic virtues, William S. Gilbert pokes deliberate fun at them; Dante Rossetti and Emily Bronte ignore them, and George Eliot contrasts the humble, honest peasant with decaying royalty. Rossetti and Ruskin would maintain that Beauty is all; Carlyle and Arnold and Eliot esteem most highly a moral humanity; and Emily Bron-

te defies the social, cultural, and religious values and institutions of her time to find her strength within her own heart and mind. Such a list of contrasts could be extended indefinitely.

Again, we travel forth in merry, deep, tense, provocative company. If only we will attend and study until we hear these authors' voices, their problems will be ours, their best hopes will stand ready to be considered by our own age; and our lives will be deeper and fuller for the experience.

Again the text will be *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson.

The order of this year's lessons is as follows:

Lesson 41. *Thomas Carlyle* (1795-1881) Text, pp. 464-501)

> Objective: To meet Carlyle and allow him to be heard, that we might absorb the power of his voice while considering the depth of his beliefs.

Lesson 42. *John Ruskin* (1819-1900) (Text, pp. 501-527)

> Objective: To relate Ruskin's artistic and moral opinions to the problems of Victorian England which so aroused him to action.

Lesson 43. *Dante Gabriel* (1828-1882) and *Christina Rossetti* (1830-1894) (Text, pp. 748-760; 783-797)

> Objective: To understand the nature of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's reaction to Victorianism, and to enjoy the poetic art of the Rossettis.

Lesson 44. *Emily Bronte* (1818-1848) (Text, pp. 716-720)

> Objective: To gain an insight into the inner life of Emily Bronte and to appreciate her suffering, courage, and power.

Lesson 45. *Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte*

> Objective: To become better acquainted with the novel as an art-form, and to weigh and consider Emily Bronte and *Wuthering Heights*, as they relate to us.

Lesson 46. *Victorian Humorists* (Text, pp. 826-8393)

> Objective: To appreciate humor better and to understand the necessity and value of humor in our own lives.

Lesson 47. *Adam Bede by George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans)* (1819-1880) (Text, pp. 26, 402, 409, 411, 422, 426)

> To enjoy *Adam Bede* and gain a greater understanding of some universal human problems.

Lesson 48. *Matthew Arnold* (1822-1888) (Text, pp. 726-748)

> Objective: To weigh and consider Matthew Arnold's considerable contribution to English literature.

Mirror Lake

Vesta N. Lukei

As deep
As tallest tree
Or highest cloud it holds,
This lake reveals no sounded depth,
No stone.

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Preview of Lessons for 1954-55

Elder Albert R. Bowen

WE live in a world of unrest and conflicting ideologies. Forces are at work which are bringing about vast and far-reaching changes in our world. Those forces are at work in this country and some of them are at complete variance with our way of life. This is especially true in the field of politics and government. Unless these forces and ideologies are properly understood and evaluated, they will eventually engulf us. Without a knowledge of history and the institutions of freedom which form the foundation of our liberty, the struggle to maintain and preserve liberty in America becomes immeasurably more difficult. This is true because our political institutions are under attack as being outmoded or unsuited to modern life. As Latter-day Saints know that the Constitution was divinely inspired, it is their responsibility to prove these attacks unwarranted.

A general knowledge of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States is basic to a proper understanding and appreciation of the institutions of freedom. For this coming year, therefore, we shall be concerned with the Constitution as a document. It is not expected that the intricate and technical aspects of the Constitution shall be mastered. It will be sufficient for our purpose to learn the general principles which the Constitution lays down. It is upon these Constitutional doctrines and principles that our national life has been built.

A general knowledge and understanding of the Constitution should not be reserved exclusively for experts in political science, law, sociology, or economics. Many people have the impression that only the experts should be concerned with its study because lay people cannot comprehend its meaning. This is not so. The Constitution is not written in obscure or difficult language. Its broad basic principles and provisions yield readily to a little careful thought. Furthermore, it may be said that a study of the Constitution can be fascinating, stimulating, and profitable.

At the time the Constitution was presented to the people of the nation for adoption, it became the topic of national debate and discussion. It was widely and thoroughly talked about and debated among the people of every state. Americans of that day became students of the Constitution and, with such understanding, its adoption and ratification were a foregone conclusion.

In order that every Relief Society sister may read the Constitution, it is the plan of the general board to print before the respective social science lessons for this year, those

portions of the Constitution which will be studied in the lesson.

The textbooks:

FINDLAY, BRUCE AND ESTHER: *Your Rugged Constitution;* Stanford University Press, Stanford, California.

NORTON, THOMAS JAMES: *The Constitution of the United States, Its Source and Its Application;* America's Future, Inc., 210 East 43rd Street, New York 17, New York. (*The Rugged Constitution* is referred to as *Y. R. C.;* Norton's book as *C. of U. S.*)

The following is a list of the lessons and objectives for Part II of this study, The Constitution of the United States:

Lesson 8. *Fundamental and Basic Principles and the Preamble of the Constitution.*

> Objective: To consider the purposes of a constitution as the foundation of government and the manner in which those purposes are defined and provided for in the Constitution of the United States. Also to consider the purposes uppermost in the minds of the founding fathers in drafting the Constitution of the United States.

Lesson 9. *Its Form and Content—The Legislative Department—Article I* (Texts, *Y. R. C.*, pp. 14-109; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 7-97.)

> Objective: To consider the powers, functions, offices, and purposes of the Legislative Department and its relation to the other departments of the Government of the United States

Lesson 10. *Its Form and Content—The Executive (Article II) and Judicial (Article III) Departments—The Doctrine of Judicial Review* (Texts, *Y. R. C.*, pp. 112-155; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 99-153)

> Objective: To consider the powers, functions, offices, and purposes of the Executive and Judicial Departments and their relation to the Legislative Department and to each other. Also to consider the great doctrine of "Judicial Review."

Lesson 11. *Its Form and Content—Articles IV, V, VI, and VII, and the Bill of Rights—First Four Amendments* (Texts, *Y. R. C.*, pp. 157-203; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 156-210)

> Objective: To study the relationship between the National Government and the states: the provisions for amendment of the Constitution; the miscellaneous provisions; and the first Four Amendments of the Bill of Rights.

Lesson 12. *The Bill of Rights—Amendments Five Through Ten* (Texts, *Y. R. C.*, pp. 204-217; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 210-227)

> Objective: To give further consideration to the Bill of Rights as a guarantee and protection to the rights and liberties of individual citizens.

Lesson 13. *Amendments Eleven Through Fifteen* (Texts, *Y. R. C.* 219-237; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 228-251)

> Objective: To study the Amendments to the Constitution which were adopted following the Bill of Rights down through the Civil War to 1870.

Lesson 14. *Amendments Sixteen Through Twenty-Two* (Texts, *Y. R. C.*, pp. 238-269; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 251-263)

> Objective: To study the Amendments to the Constitution since 1913.

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When Viewed From a Distance

Nora Yaros

THE breakers crashed against the shore with such force the beach literally shook beneath me as I lay on the sands sunning myself. As the waves would mount to an awesome height and dash themselves into a swirling, churning, angry surf, I was overwhelmed with the realization of the tremendous power and potential destructive force of the ocean. Particularly at night did the waves appear as huge, black mountains advancing menacingly and relentlessly upon a mere human being.

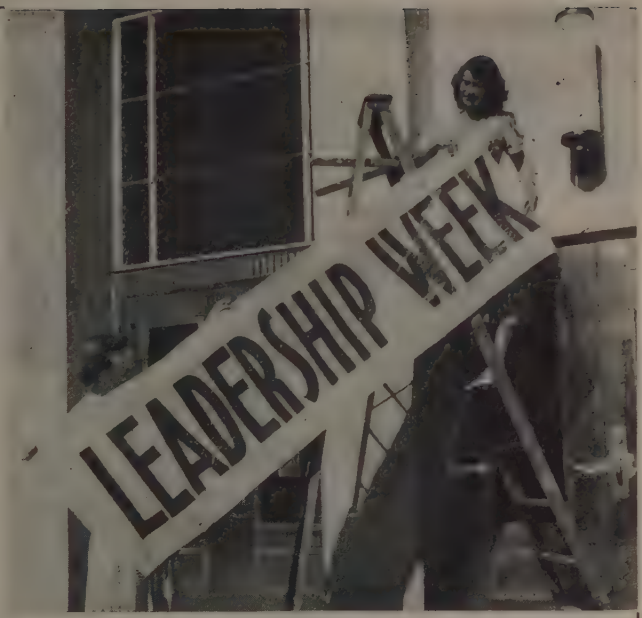
What a happy contrast is the feeling engendered by the sight of the ocean from the highway paralleling it—the waters gently swelling until they caress the shore with a light, frothy touch. From a distance, and especially from a high point of view, the ocean seems benign and gentle, luring one to frolic in its briny waters.

Life's problems, crashing against human frailty, seeming to be insurmountable and without solution, too, lose their crushing power and invincibility when viewed from a distance — with just a murmur instead of a thunderous roar as accompaniment.

Daisies

Christie Lund Coles

Betrayed by their
Waxen, chaste
Simplicity,
Their beauty
Is valued lightly.
Yet, slim-petalled
And bronze-hearted,
They are lovely
And reassuring
As the myriad stars
That return nightly.



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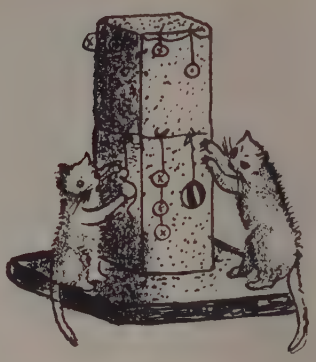

The Scratching Post

Elizabeth Williamson

WHEN two kittens arrived at our home they began sharpening their claws on the upholstery. We shooed them away time after time, but they continued to select the better pieces of furniture until we felt the situation was desperate.

Finally we found in the basement a piece of 4" x 4" lumber about fifteen inches in length. We mounted this on a base, nailed it to the base, tacked on some scraps of rug material which matched our rugs, and decorated the post with small jingle bells, a catnip mouse, and a rubber ball.

These objects attracted the kittens, and soon they were playing with the bells and discovered, to their delight (and ours), that the rug covering was just what they liked for claw sharpening. Whenever they started for the chairs, we took them back to their post. At last they seemed to understand, and now they use the post exclusively.

This idea might be used by a group of children who want a project for their club or a gift that is a little different.

From Near and Far

It is always a stimulation and a special treat to find a travel article by Willard Luce. To my way of thinking he is one of the ablest travel writers in the West today. After reading one of his articles, I am always inspired to see the place he talks about and have frequently done just that. These articles add color and variety to a wonderful publication, a very complete publication.

—Marijane Morris
Corinne, Utah

It truly was a thrill for me to see the picture of my beloved mother, Martha H. Porter, in the March issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. She was pictured with other dear sisters who have been Relief Society presidents in my home town of Orderville, Utah. Along with years of service in the Church and community, mother has given birth to thirteen children (I am number 12), and I would like to take this opportunity to extend my thankfulness and appreciation to the Relief Society, which has certainly been an influence for good in our family life.

—Laura Porter Brew
Sacramento, California

I enjoy the poetry printed in our *Magazine* very much, and it is my hope that eventually I'll be able to get my thoughts across in the wonderful way that Eva Willes Wangsgard does. Such a truly beautiful mind!

—Charlene Scott
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I have had the *Magazine* in my home for many years, way back in the beginning when it was called *The Woman's Exponent*. Due to my ninety-six years of age, I cannot be active, so the coming of the *Magazine* each month is like a visit from dear friends, and it keeps me up on the work and happenings of the great Relief Society. I enjoy the splendid articles, stories, lessons, and poetry.

—Dessie N. Middleton
Los Angeles, California

We think that *The Relief Society Magazine* is one that has no comparison for its size. We look forward to it each month and read it from cover to cover. In the March issue for 1954, we saw on the page with the heading "Sixty Years Ago" a piece by Alta Witbeck entitled "A Plea for More Kindness Among Women." The thought came to us that a plea for more kindness among women is needed today as well as sixty years ago. There are so many needing a helping hand in this world of ours, not only in a material way but also in a spiritual way. A kindly act, a pleasant smile, a word of encouragement—let us do our utmost to help.

—Grace Tippets Wright and
Iona Wilkins Packer
Lordsburg, New Mexico

The *Magazine* has long been a joy to me. I have read it from cover to cover since joining the Relief Society some years ago, and, even as a child, I received inspiration and enjoyment from the fiction and poetry found in it. Often my husband has come in to find me in tears, and his remark is always, "Been reading *The Relief Society Magazine* again, I see!"

—Clara J. DeGraff
Heber City, Utah

I hate to miss an issue as I enjoy our little book so very much. I am a convert to the Church, and have never had the pleasure of going to church and Relief Society as I have had in our Church. I am proud that I can be called a Mormon. It is a wonderful feeling.

—Mrs. Fred Hale
Thermopolis, Wyoming

I enjoy all of the Magazine, having had time during a recent illness to read some of the numbers I had laid aside when every minute of my time was occupied. We from Malad enjoy the work of Mabel Jones Gabbott. Her work is so clever and easy to understand.

—Katie Harris Lewis
Malad, Idaho

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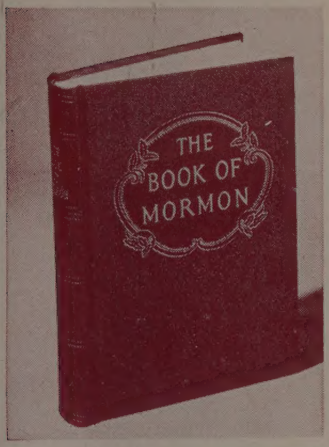

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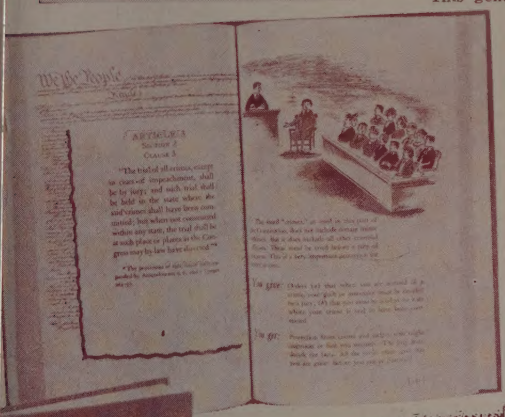

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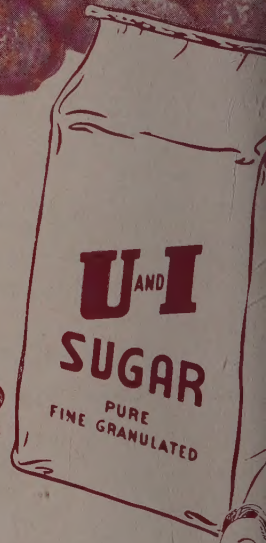

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